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WILLIAM FAULKNER: THAT WRITIN' MAN OF OXFORD

By Anthony Buttitta

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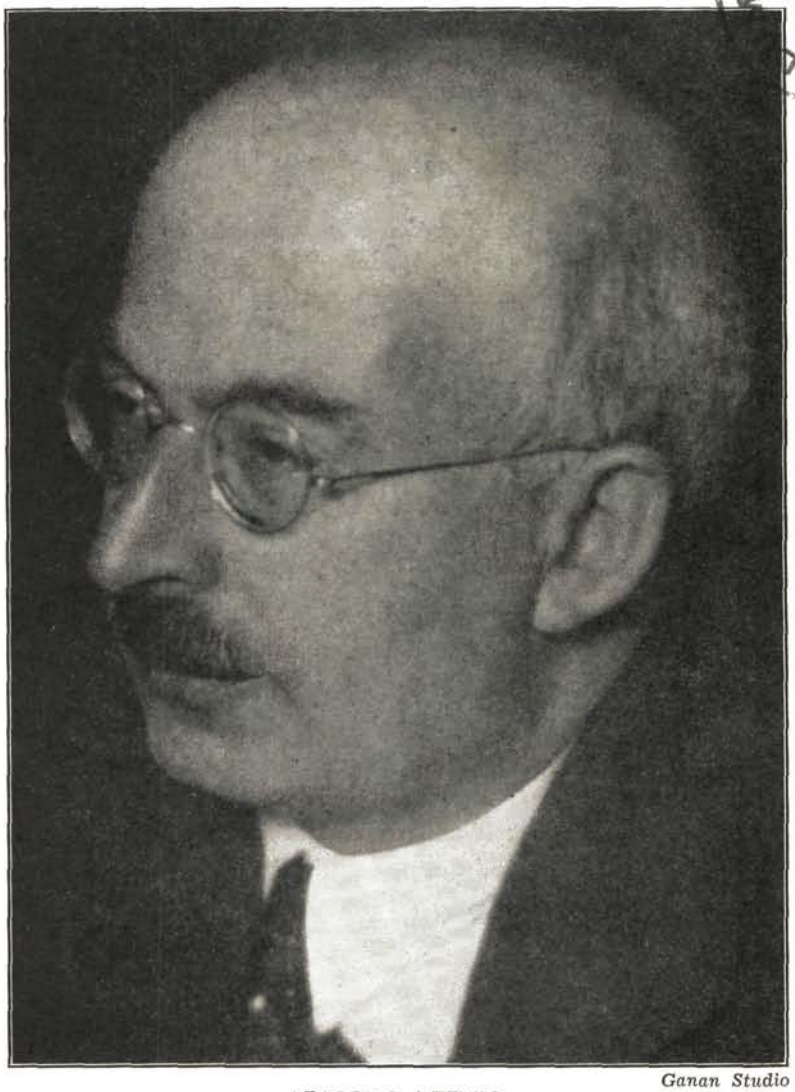

Ganan Studio

ARNOLD ZWEIG

"He is describing both the struggles of the Germany of the war years and something deeper—the struggle between the men of good will and the men of destruction" . . .

(See page 3)

Translations from the Chinese *By Christopher Morley*

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Men of Destruction

THE CROWNING OF A KING. By Arnold Zweig. New York: Viking Press. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

From "The First World War" (Simon & Schuster)

"It is a story not of the Front Line but of Staff and Headquarters."

WITH "The Crowning of a King," Zweig adds another section to the series of linked novels in which he is describing both the struggles of the Germany of the war years and something deeper—the struggle between the men of good will and the men of destruction, between the civilized spirit and the barbarous one which cuts across all our contemporary civilization.

There are several of these vast edifices in process of construction—most of them, except for the work of John Dos Passos, by European hands. Of them all, perhaps Zweig's is the easiest for the average reader to enter. The individual novels are independent entities, focused on a central character or group of characters. A major character in one book may reappear as a minor character in another or vice-versa, but each novel stands pretty firmly on its own feet. It is the technique of Balzac rather than that of Proust or Romains—an older technique but a valid one.

In "The Crowning of a King," Zweig returns to the Eastern Front and the last half year of the war, at the fantastic moment when it seemed as if Germany were going to win, West and East, and not only Germany but the Prussia of the Junker barons. It was worth while, intriguing for the puppet-crown of Lithuania—the Empire of the Czars had gone down, the Bolsheviks just come to power—any hungry man or party could look for a manifest destiny in the East. It is out of the struggle between the two elements in Germany, the Pan-Germans, looking for conquest, and those who looked for an honorable peace on reasonable terms, that Zweig makes his story. And it is a story not of the Front Line but of Staff and Headquarters—the men in the bureaus, the propaganda men, the men with the well-shined boots and the good political connections, the wanglers and the schemers, the men who burrow and strive and breed like blow-flies in the vast intricate web of army organization behind the front. It is a story, to be sure, of the German army and the German mind. But anyone who has ever worked with red tape will recognize some of the details.

The hero, Captain Winfried, is a decent young fellow enough—no Grischa in simplicity but a patriotic young officer with an influential uncle and a few mildly liberal views—the sort of man who would have saved Grischa if he could but wasn't able. But as he steps down and down through the labyrinth of Ober-Ost—as he gets to see the stripped workings of the machine that he serves—a certain horror comes over us. There is General Clauss, for instance, a fighting general, and admirable in his way. But it is he who is to betray Winfried to the horrors of the forced-labor camp, by a casual word or two. Enthusiastic but wrong-headed young officers are all the better for a lesson—if the lesson loses them in the intricate workings of the machine, they will doubtless be hardened by it and will come out all right in the end. Only sometimes they do not, as was the case with Winfried. He was to lose his love, his illusions, and very nearly his life in the process. But, in the end, he knew that the men of good will were right, the men of destruction wrong.

It is a fascinating tapestry that Zweig sets before us—fascinating and substantial as well. For here are the generals, dreaming of conquest, each jealous of the other—and the politicians behind the generals. And here are the common men, caught up in the machine. It is seen through the puzzled eyes of youth, and fairly—your leave and your girl are good things; perhaps after that you may begin to think. But, written by an exile in exile, it is nevertheless written with justice. Clauss deplores the useless slaughter on the Western Front—he merely wishes to march to Moscow and Petrograd. The men of good will do their best but they are ineffectual. It is an indictment—not only of the German ruling class during the last war, but of a spirit very strongly alive in the world today.

It also happens to be a human and interesting story—the love affair of Winfried and Barbe is touching and well-handled, and the various minor characters are surely sketched. The haste, tension, and inconsecutiveness of war—the curious termite-life of the bureaus—these are done with sharp authenticity. We can have an unwilling admiration for General Clauss as well as a dislike—we never doubt that he was the Conqueror of the East. But the lesson cuts deeper than that. For here is neither a simple man like Grischa nor an intellectual, like Bertin of "Education before Verdun," but a well-meaning, hero-worshiping youngster. And still the men of destruction cannot use him unless he believes in and affirms their particular brand of destruction. It is no wonder that Herr Zweig is unable to live in the Third Reich. But perhaps he is raising a work that will outlast it—and help to bring back a saner world.

Next Week

MY AMERICA
By LOUIS ADAMIC
Reviewed by William Allen White

THE FORBIDDEN GROUND
By NEIL H. SWANSON
Reviewed by Allan Nevins

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Puritan Women

WOMEN OF THE WILDERNESS. By Margaret Bell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

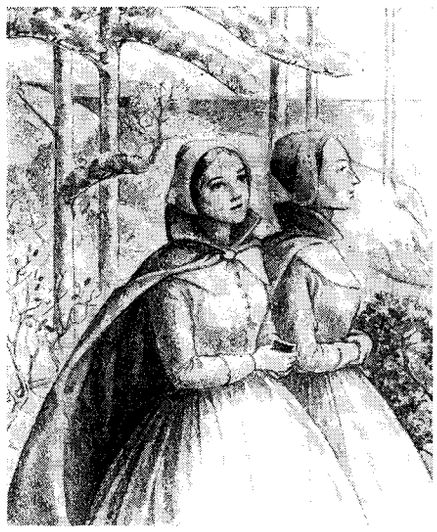
THIS book is a successful experiment in the writing of history in a new or at least unusual form. The period covered is the first twenty-five years or so in the history of New England. Although the book is not written in ordinary historical form, its main historical background is accurate (in spite of minor errors), and although there is much which is purely fiction, it is not a novel. For most of the conversations and for the thoughts of the characters, as for much else, there is no historical authority. This should be understood, but does not detract from the value of the work for its purpose.

Miss Bell has preferred to write neither conventional history nor a historical novel, but to give us a picture of the times by relating the historical happenings to the private and intimate lives of one or two hundred of the colonists, instead of to those of the small cast of a novelist. The method makes a crowded stage, perhaps a little too crowded, but it does give a vivid impression of the stirring and growing life of the colonies.

The author, however, had another object in view, the pursuit of which has resulted in the impression becoming a somewhat distorted one. That object was to write a chapter in what she quotes Professor Morison as calling the "dark yet unwritten history of the American pioneer woman." Thus, although her large *dramatis personae* includes as many men as women, the stress is laid on the women, and the full length sketches in the latter part of the volume are all of women, such as Anne Bradstreet, Anne Hutchinson, Mary Dyer, Margaret Winthrop, and others.

There is no doubt in my mind that there is a crying need for a real history of the pioneer woman, of her sufferings and of the noble and important part which she played in the development of America on countless frontiers of different sorts and at different stages. Of these we get much in the present volume, but in many cases the parts the women played and the sufferings they endured as described by Miss Bell were not essentially linked to the frontier but to the religious bigotry, the legal relations between the sexes, and the general brutality of the period anywhere. These, and not the frontier as such, lay behind the cases of an Anne Hutchinson, Mary Dyer, or Dorothy Talbye.

However, the author has made a start in a field of history which badly needs



"In many cases the parts the women played and the sufferings they endured . . . were not essentially linked to the frontier."

workers, and the telling of the story from the woman's standpoint in early New England was well worth doing. One corner of the curtain has been lifted, and, as I think it ought to be and must be, by a woman. Many a point in that scholarly history of the pioneer woman, which I hope to see some day, will have to be found and understood by a woman rather than a male historian; though, may I murmur it low, neither an emotional, pedantic, nor militantly feministic woman?

Miss Bell has tried two experiments, one in the form of her work and the other in her point of view, shifting from the public life and affairs of men and the community to the inner lives of the women. In both she has done well, for the reader gets a new and at the same time generally veracious impression of early New England not to be found elsewhere drawn so clearly. A historian is somewhat startled by her question, "truth or legend, what difference does it make?", but even if he has to say that it makes a lot, nevertheless he admits that there has to be such a thing as historic imagination, and Miss Bell would appear to possess it. Even if there is not and cannot be any historical authority for most of the imaginary thoughts and conversations, the general picture as it gradually takes shape on her canvas is, I believe, historically correct, and we need not quarrel with her use of the spelling *Arabella* for *Arbella* or other such minor slips, nor with the fact that because the book lays little stress on the sufferings, perplexities, or efforts of the men, it becomes a little one-sided. The balance with history as written by men was to be redressed and it has been done with knowledge and restraint.

James Truslow Adams is the author of "The Epic of America" and numerous other historical works.

Wisest Fool

JAMES I OF ENGLAND. By Clara and Hardy Steeholm. New York: Covici-Friede. 1938. $3.75.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

IT is surprising that James I has been left almost untouched by the biographers, old and new. He is no dashing, heroic figure, and his reign was marked by no Armada. But it is strange that no professional psychologist has put his hands upon the first Stuart king of England. James was very fond of young and handsome boys; he was himself scrawny and ill-favored, scholarly, vain, tactless, anxious for great achievements and quite aware that he was not making any such achievements. Here is a chance to ring all the changes on Adler and Jung and Freud.

The Steeholms have avoided the lurid extremes to which modern psychology and the debunking tradition might have led them, and have produced a balanced, thorough, and readable life of "the wisest fool in Christendom." They cannot resist the temptation to write as if they were inside James's skin, and knew just how he felt at his marriage, his coronation, and on the hunting field. But they are so thoroughly steeped in the documents and literature of the age that they manage to convey a sense of reality even in passages dealing with the intimate details of James's life. They locate James carefully enough in the general frame of English history, but they are not primarily concerned with history.

James as a human being comes out quite understandable, almost likable. The Steeholms have no illusions about his failure as king of England, but they find much of the explanation of that failure in his unhappy childhood in Scotland and in a combination of traits, such as pedantry and vanity, not in themselves usually damaging to the success of those who possess them. But it is in the pageantry of a Renaissance court in Scotland and in England that the authors take their chief delight. Here they go into the kind of detail that rarely gets into books addressed to the general public. And though James himself was no bold adventurer, his life is full of dramatic episodes—the turbulent Scotland which cast out his mother, Mary Queen of Scots, the Gunpowder Plot, the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, the serio-comic episode of the proposed Spanish marriage of Prince Charles. Here too the Steeholms handle their material well. Their conclusions on the question of James's love for young men are sensible. They incline to the belief that in youths like Carr and Villiers James saw himself as he might have been, bright, athletic, graceful, admired; they do not believe he was abnormal.

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The Key to Il Duce

MUSSOLINI IN THE MAKING. By Gaudens Megaro. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by VERA MICHELES DEAN

FOR those who anxiously scan political horizons in an effort to discern the future course of Fascist Italy in world affairs, Megaro's book offers an absorbing study of Il Duce's character and motives. The author, who teaches at Harvard University, has undertaken to reconstruct Mussolini's origins and his development into a mature political personality before the World War. In the course of his researches, he has sifted hundreds of articles and speeches spanning Mussolini's career from the time he went to Switzerland as an obscure socialist agitator to that moment in 1912 when he emerged as Duce of Italian socialism and editor of its organ, *Avanti!* Copious excerpts from Mussolini's writings refute at many points the official biographies of Margherita Sarfatti and other Fascist apologists, who have glossed over Mussolini's socialist antecedents.

Modern history offers few such contrasts as may be found in Mussolini's political life before and after 1922. The antimilitarist who at one time preached desertion from the army has just displayed to Hitler one of the most powerful military machines in Europe. The socialist agitator who once defamed monarchy now enjoys the title of "cousin" to King Victor Emmanuel. The internationalist who uncompromisingly opposed the Italo-Turkish war of 1911, has become the apostle of nationalism and the organizer of Italy's war with Ethiopia.

Yet in the midst of these apparent inconsistencies, with which his enemies have taunted him, Mussolini has remained true to his inner self. The *leitmotif* of his life, according to Megaro, has been an overwhelming desire to achieve power. The ideas for which as Fascist and Socialist he has passionately pleaded, have merely been vehicles for the self-expression of an intense individualist, who in 1911 regarded Stirner's "The Ego and his Own" as "the greatest poem that has ever been sung to the glory of man become God." Primarily a man of action, Mussolini has had nothing but contempt for the masses, whom he regards as cowardly and ineffectual. He has always believed in the necessity of violent action by a small, resolute élite, with himself as the self-appointed leader.

Throughout his career, Mussolini has fought all forms of government control except those he has personally imposed. As a socialist he was outspokenly antidemocratic. Long before the war he attacked parliamentary institutions as obsolete and corrupt. The United States—which Il Duce threatened in his Genoa speech of May 14, 1938—he denounced in 1911 as "the dollar republic," whose "rapacious" bourgeoisie inhumanely exploited workers with the aid of the army and police.

Yet Mussolini who, according to Megaro, has no faith in men or ideas, has the gift of inspiring his followers with faith in the flag of which he is, for the time being, standard bearer. Today the flag under which he fights is not that of a conflict between workers and capitalists. It is the flag of a gathering struggle between Italy, which he describes as a proletarian nation, and the rich democracies, regarded as economic royalists. In this struggle Mussolini has subordinated his socialist ambition to improve the welfare of the masses to the immediate task of making Italy invincible in a totalitarian war. Into the international sphere Mussolini has brought his "faith in the necessity and efficacy of violence as an instrument of social change." Can resort to violence be averted by international concessions to Fascist Italy? Or will Mussolini, who now preaches peace, merely use these concessions to paralyze Britain and France as he paralyzed the Italian opposition parties from 1922 to 1926? To these questions Megaro returns a disheartening answer. Mussolini, he says, "will never stop fomenting disorder, arousing hatred, and threatening war as long as he envisages himself as the founder of a new world politic, as long as there lies before him the formidable temptation of seeing the fascist mentality, as incarnated in his own person, dominate the Western world."

Vera Micheles Dean is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

Eliza on the Horse

WOMAN ON HORSEBACK. The Biography of Francisco Lopez and Eliza Lynch. By William E. Barrett. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by ISAAC GOLDBERG

THE marriage of Eliza Lynch and Francisco Lopez was made in hell, and the matchmaker (no pun intended) was Lucifer. There was laughter in the world below; in Paraguay there must have been weeping. Paraguay, for that matter, had learned to weep—in silence. Only three years after it had declared itself independent of the stepmother country, Spain, it had been saddled with Francia as absolute dictator; for more than a quarter of a century Francia had been "El Supremo," the Supreme, the Highest. And even when El Supremo died, the people could not believe that he, who had slain so many, could be mortal. After the dictator, a constitution and a president, Don Carlos Lopez; Lopez, with Alonzo, had been consul during a three-year interim, and had emancipated the slaves. From 1844 to 1862 he served, little aware that in his son Francisco he had given to his country another dictator.

"This Irishwoman was a reincarnation of the Amazons."

Mr. Barrett's story is the almost incredible one of that son and of the woman who ruled his destiny. This Irishwoman was a reincarnation of the Amazons; or, rather, it was the soul, not the body, of the Amazons that lived again in her. For she was tall, lithe, delicate—"one of those women," as a Spanish American author wrote of her, "who make the care of their appearance a religion." She could ride a horse into battle; but her spurs dug into the sides of Francisco Lopez as often as they did into the flanks of her mount. And him she rode across the boundaries of neutral nations, into war, into mad carnage, into disaster.

He was not her first husband, but he was her last, and she was faithful to him with a fury of fidelity. His rule was one of but eight years, but in those eight years Paraguay lived a century and was reduced to one-fifth of its population. Lopez fought an impossible fight against an irresistible coalition, and if his death in battle was heroic, it became him far better than much of his life. Eliza Lynch was loyal to his memory; she loved him in the mad way that he loved Paraguay. And they both killed the things they loved.

It is true that the events provided a story ready to Mr. Barrett's hand, but this should not detract one iota from the splendid job that he has done with the material. He writes with the flair of a novelist for character and situations but he writes also with the conscience of a historian and the archival patience of a specialist. His biography is heavily documented; no heaviness, however, is in the narrative, which, for all its reconstruction of dialogue, has the air of authenticity.

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William Faulkner

William Faulkner:

That Writin' Man of Oxford

BY ANTHONY BUTTITTA

IF you ever go to Oxford, Mississippi, and William Faulkner feels like showing you the sights, you won't understand his language unless you've read most of his books, for Oxford is the Jefferson of his many tales and he has attributed to some of its places and landmarks various characters and events of his own invention. Were you to start off with Faulkner in the old, quiet court square, with its relics of long porches and balconies of the old South, this is about what he'd say:

"The same courthouse where Temple Drake testified. Christmas did his killing in that old house. Lena Grove's baby was born there, too. There's Bayard Sartoris's bank which Byron Snopes robbed. Benbow's place. The house where old Bayard died. Christmas was killed up there. John Sartoris's statue and effigy so he could watch his railroad. That's the railroad Colonel Sartoris built. Across the road is Reverend Hightower's place. Up that road near the river Wash Jones killed Sutpen. . . ."

But that is not all you'd see if he felt like walking you a piece toward what he calls Frenchman's Bend. He usually takes it slow, quiet, absorbed in himself. You get the feeling that he is working out the macabre details of his next chapter. He may even tell you a story, outlandish and incoherent, and if you question him for an explanation you won't get any satisfaction. He goes right on telling the story in his own way. If by accident he returns to it a few days later, you may get the clue that explains everything. Otherwise, it remains a mystery forever.

"That's the bridge that washed away. Made it tough for Anse and his sons so they couldn't cross with Addie's body. Up that way a piece is where Snopes got his start in business. That's the old Frenchman's place where Popeye killed Tommy. . . ." Bill goes on, talking in all seriousness, for Jefferson is his world and he knows every foot of it. Fortunately, he has set it down on paper to simplify the geographical puzzle. He did it two years ago for Harrison Smith, his publisher at the time, and the map now appears in the back of "Absalom, Absalom!" Faulkner considers himself the "sole owner and proprietor" of Jefferson.

No one in Oxford has yet disputed his claim, since few of its citizens have read his books. He can recall only four local "fans" who read everything of his that reaches print—a doctor, a lawyer, a professor, and his mother, Mrs. Maud Butler Faulkner. To the remaining four or five thousand Oxford people, excluding the student body and faculty of the University of Mississippi, he is a writer taken for granted. To the village folk that hang around the square, he is a curiosity. They call him "that writin' man of Oxford."

According to one source, William Faulkner (originally Falkner, and still so listed in "Who's Who") was born in New Albany, Miss., on September 25, 1897, and, according to another, in Ripley, twenty-five miles away, in October of the same year. Both towns are near Oxford, to which his family moved during his early childhood. His father, Murry (T. or C.) Falkner, was business manager of the University of Mississippi, and was connected with the railroad, running from Oxford to Memphis, which is mentioned in "Sartoris" and more recently in "The Unvanquished." This railroad was built by Bill's grandfather, John W. T. Falkner, an Assistant United States District Attorney, and his great-grandfather, Colonel William C. Falkner, who served in the Mexican War, at Harper's Ferry, and in the Civil War.

Colonel Falkner, by the way, was also one of the most popular romantic novelists of his time, the author of "The White Rose of Memphis," a sentimental novel written in the best lily-laced, magnolia-decked tradition of the old South, which, up to its 35th edition in 1909, had sold more than 160,000 copies. This figure is 60,000 more copies than the total sale of Bill's works to date.

The parallel with the Sartoris family, which has been pointed out elsewhere, becomes more striking when we learn that Colonel Falkner was shot to death by R. J. Thurmond on November 5, 1889, the day he was elected to the legislature in Ripley. In the closing chapter of "The Unvanquished," which was originally the short story, "An Odor of Verbena," Col. John Sartoris is killed in a pistol duel with Ben Redmond, with whom he had built the railroad.*

William Faulkner entered the University of Mississippi as a special student at sixteen. He was a "slave" of Swinburne at the time. "Whatever it was in Swinburne," he said later, "it completely satisfied me and filled my inner life." Two years later, he dropped out to join the Canadian Flying Corps and was transferred to Oxford, England, where he was in training as a non-commissioned officer for more than a year. He spent his spare time taking courses at Oxford and reading in the University library. It was there that he started to read and study the Elizabethan poets, whom he still likes for their "beautiful awareness, power, and masculinity." He became a lieutenant in the British Royal Air Force, was sent to France as an observer, crashed twice and was once injured, and remained abroad until after the Armistice. Following his return from France, he enrolled officially in the University of Mississippi, and remained there from 1919 to 1921. Later he entered on a series of odd jobs ranging from painting roofs to acting as University postmaster. He left his imprint on many of the University rooftops, but he is best remembered for the days when as University postmaster he sat behind the grating, reading his favorite poets. On many occasions he closed the window ahead of scheduled time and wrote poetry while the students howled for their mail. He was ultimately fired.

During his first few writing years Faulkner devoted himself to poetry and a few short stories. He made his first appearance with a six-stanza poem, "Portrait," which was published in the June, 1922, number of *The Double-Dealer Magazine*. In 1924 a collection of his pas-

* According to A. Wigfall Green, in the *Sewanee Review*, September, 1932, there is no doubt that Col. Bayard Sartoris is Col. William Falkner and that John Sartoris is a combination of Bill's grandfather, John Falkner, and his great-grandfather, Col. William Falkner.

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toral poetry appeared in a privately published collection, "The Marble Faun." Very little is known of this work other than that Faulkner sold most of the edition to a bookstore for about ten cents a copy. After the success of "Sanctuary," I heard, it was sold for as high as fifty dollars a copy. By that time the author had only one copy for his own library.

About this time, while Faulkner was painting rooftops at the University, Stark Young, another Mississippian, came to Oxford. At Young's suggestion Bill went to New York, and after a while he landed a job behind the book counter at Lord & Taylor. This was his last attempt to deal directly with the public. Fired for incompetence and lack of interest, he returned once more to Oxford. For the next year he worked as a carpenter, doing a great deal of farming, fishing, and hunting on the side. Eventually he saved enough money to take him to New Orleans, where he shared an apartment with Sherwood Anderson. He did a series of lush features on the local scenery for the New Orleans newspapers and wrote poems and articles for the *Double-Dealer*.

Faulkner's first two novels, "Soldier's Pay" and "Mosquitoes," came out of New Orleans. They were followed by "Sartoris" and "The Sound and the Fury." These four novels involved two changes of publishers, and Faulkner, discouraged by their sales, began to think in terms of writing for money. In his introduction to the Modern Library edition of "Sanctuary," he tells how he chose what he thought was the "right answer" to "current trends," and "invented the most horrific tale I could imagine." He tells also how "Sanctuary" went on the shelf temporarily; how he wrote "As I Lay Dying" while he was working on the night shift in a power plant; and how, after the latter novel, published in 1930, brought him his first critical success, he rewrote "Sanctuary"—"trying to make out of it something which would not shame 'The Sound and the Fury' and 'As I Lay Dying' too much."

With the publication of the rewritten "Sanctuary" in the summer of 1931, the general reading public discovered Faulkner for the first time. His work was in demand everywhere, and the short stories that had been turned down now brought him hundreds of dollars apiece from the popular and literary magazines. Random House brought out a limited edition of "Idyll in the Desert" in the same year; two other limited editions followed; overnight Faulkner's name became important in the book collector's stock exchange. And his publishing troubles were over. He came to New York that fall to autograph the limited edition of his "Idyll in the Desert," and on his arrival, various alert publishers descended upon him with promises of advance royalties and long-termed contracts. His telephone at the Algonquin kept ringing, but he was enjoying a little private drinking and couldn't be bothered. In any case he was determined to stick with Hal Smith, who had seen him through after Liveright and Harcourt, Brace had dropped him.

On his way back from New York, Faulkner stopped off for a few days at Chapel Hill, N. C., at the invitation of *Contempo*—the little magazine Milt Abernathy and I were editing at the time. During most of his visit he stayed in bed, resting and drinking an occasional spot, even eating his meals in bed. He did venture out after three days, and we took him to a movie at Durham, twelve miles away; but the movie irritated him, and as soon as we were comfortably seated, he was ready to go. "Don't want to hear talk," he said. "Would rather talk myself. Let's go out and talk." He started talking the moment we got outside; he told us of his new book, "Light in August," the manuscript of which he had brought to Chapel Hill; and later he recited, over and over, a poem by James Joyce. It was during this visit that we took him to Phillips Russell's class in creative literature at the University. The lecture was on the importance of form, and at the close, in response to an invitation for his own views on the subject, Faulkner rose to his feet and declared that during his entire writing career, he had never given the subject of form a single thought.

In January, 1932, when I was on a visit to Louisiana, I received a letter from Faulkner in his very fine, cryptic handwriting, asking me to stop over to see him. "I will warn you," he wrote, "that I am trying to finish my novel, and so I am going to let you entertain yourself during the forenoons. But in the afternoons and evenings we can get together."

In many more ways than I had expected, Bill turned out to be something of a conventional Southern host. He went out of his way to see that I was comfortable, apologizing for the dilapidated appearance of his big, two-story plantation house which is over a hundred years old. At the time, it needed a fresh coat of paint pretty badly; the plaster was cracked on the walls and ceilings, the wainscoting was streaked and dry with age. A year later, when Bill had cashed in on his first Hollywood contract, the house was done over, and it is now one of the most modern in that section of Mississippi.

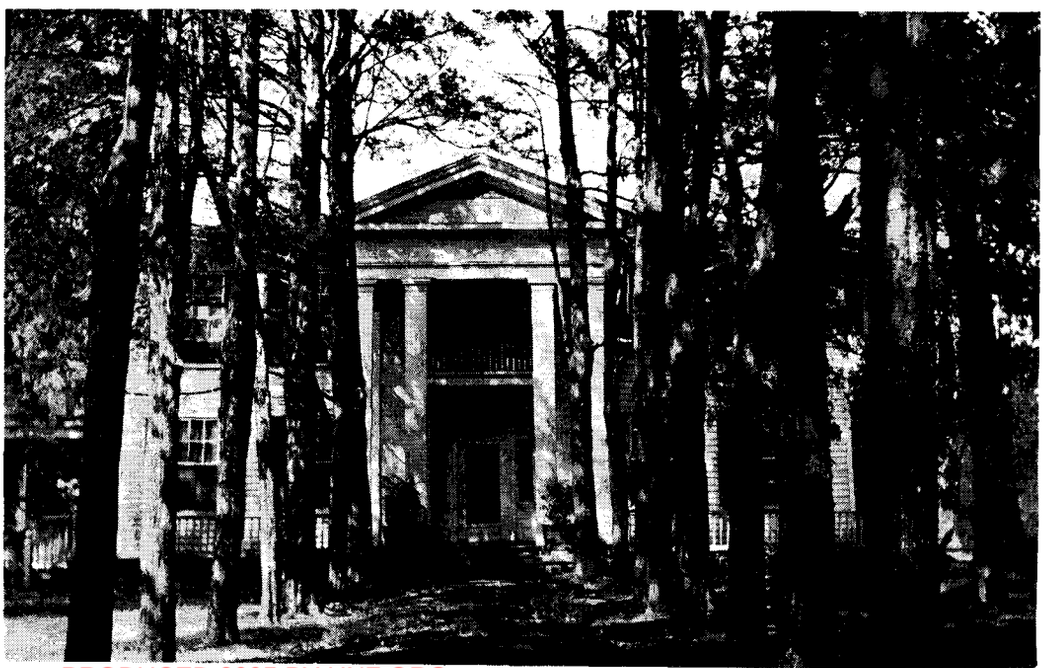
Bill's workshop was in quite a mess when I was there. His writing table was littered with long proof sheets of "Light in August," books, papers, letters, and a tall waterglass. The glass came in handy, for Bill occasionally took a good, stiff drink of native corn whisky. A big, half-opened wooden box full of bound manuscripts was on the floor in the middle of the room. Looking through it, I discovered original and carbon copies of his earlier novels. On the mantel over the fireplace, I remember seeing copies of his books, from "The Marble Faun" to his latest, "Sanctuary," between two small bookends. Hunting and fishing togs hung on pegs in the right wall, with rifles and reeds nearby. Alongside his writing table was a large cardboard file in which over a hundred short stories—many rejected and paperclip-stained—waited to be pulled out, edited, retyped, and mailed to the magazines.

I was fascinated by the manner in which Bill wrote on the right hand half of legal-sized white bond, reserving the other side for later corrections. In order to get the cryptic effect that is so individual of his handwriting, Bill uses a very fine hard point on a fountain pen and scrapes it up and down the paper, in short, well controlled movements. The result is something which few people can decipher; and it is said that only Bill and Louise Bonino, who was with Hal Smith for many years and is now at Random House, are capable of "translating" a complete Faulkner novel.

During the war Bill became a pretty good pilot and he wasn't satisfied until he had bought a plane. That came about

"His big, two-story plantation house is over a hundred years old."

Willa Johnson



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with Hollywood gold, too, following the publication of "Light in August." In the spring of 1934, he flew up to New York to take Smith for a little ride—back to Oxford! Flying was in his system and he eventually had to write a novel about it. A year later, he completed "Pylon," the novel about a group of barnstorming flyers in a New Orleans Fair. Some time after its publication, his younger brother crashed the plane and was killed. His death was a pretty hard blow to Bill, and he has since given up flying.

But he has another hobby now: working for the films. He goes to Hollywood a few months out of the year, and he enjoys the technical aspects of production. At first he didn't like working for pictures since his Hollywood experiences weren't different from those of many other established writers. He sat around for days and weeks, collecting his checks. He was annoyed by inactivity. Subsequently, however, he has worked on a number of film assignments, including an adaptation of "Sanctuary," released as "The Case of Temple Drake." His next Hollywood chore may be the adaptation of "The Unvanquished" for M-G-M.

Another interest that is giving Bill a satisfaction he had never known before is his four-year-old boy Joe. The youngster means a great deal to him. His wife Estelle has two children, Sister and Malcolm, both in their teens, by a former marriage, but Joe is his only child.

Bill is a small, thin fellow, weak looking but sturdily built. He has small black eyes that rarely look into those of other people. His hair is black, lightly streaked with grey. He is slow and hesitant in his manner and speech. Asked if he'd like to do this or that, his usual reply is: "Don't care if I do." He is a shy, sensitive, and unsocial person in many respects, but on occasions when he feels free to talk, he has a ready wit and imagination for inventing the most outlandish tales. Most of the time, however, he prefers to retire within himself, for he is definitely not a man of action. In "The Unvanquished" he gives us a personal clue: "Those who can, do, but those who cannot and suffer because they can't, write about it."

This book indicates that Faulkner may be through with horrific tales of brutality and lust, morons and degenerates. Having won a reputation with "As I Lay Dying" and an audience with "Sanctuary," he has now turned to more significant themes and characters of the South. With "The Unvanquished," definitely in that direction, it is good news to hear that Faulkner is working on a complete book about the Snopes family, which has made a slight but favorable appearance in some of his earlier novels.

Anthony Buttitta was editor of Contempo, published at Chapel Hill, N. C., from 1931 to 1933. He has worked on newspapers and for the United Press. The photograph on page 7 is from "Mississippi: A Guide to the Nutmeg State" (American Guide Series: Viking Press).

A Prospectus for Criticism

THE WORLD'S BODY. By John Crowe Ransom. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1938. $2.75.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

MR. RANSOM'S book of essays is that rather rare phenomenon nowadays, a book on literature intended for those who are really interested in literature, rather than in ideologies or sociologies or psychologies or philologies. To come closer, it is specifically a book on poetry (with some side casts at fiction) and on what the poet has been trying, and is trying, to do in poetry, rather than a monograph on influences and sources. It is not a book for the general reader, nor for the historical scholar, and, for that reason, being expert in its analysis and original in its approach, may contain more for the general reader really interested in poetry than volumes aimed at the unliterary public.

Mr. Ransom's mind is subtle, good-humored, and truly erudite. He is subtle with the subtlety of the critic who is also a craftsman and who knows by experience the complexity of the poet's job. He is good-humored by comparison with most of his contemporaries, because he is dealing, not with ideologies, or with comparisons, but with an art in which the best have had failures and all but the mediocre taste the fine joy of creation. The lover of the art of literature perforce develops a wonderful tolerance for the fellowship of sincere writers, no matter how diverse, or mistaken, their aims. He is erudite with that genuine erudition which enables him to analyze Milton's experiments in "Lycidas," Shakespeare's failure to be as metaphysical as Donne, or the reason for the obscurity of the "pure" poetry of the moderns, as if each in their crystal spheres of environment were at work in his presence today. This is that application of the historical method to criticism which is so glaringly absent in the work of most university scholars and most unacademic reviewers today.

I find the key to his volume (but only the key, the book is complex in its approaches) in his essay, "Poets Without Laurels," "those whom a small company of adept readers enjoys, perhaps enormously, but the general public detests; those in whose hands poetry as a living art has lost its public support."

The answer is Puritanism—that essence of Puritanism which "craves to perfect the parts of experience separately or in their purity, and is a series of isolated perfections." Puritanism, having invaded religion, and morality, and politics, and science, and business, with resulting specialization in every field, reached literature and in the concentrated field of poetry produced its specializations there.

N. W. Rahming

"Mr. Ransom's mind is subtle, good-humored, and truly erudite."

For fear of getting such a mixture of morality, esthetics, and psychology as one finds in, say, Pope, the modernist tries to separate one element at a time and to give that pure and unadulterated to the reader. Let the reader get pure beauty, or pure thought, or pure sensation. Let the poem *be*, not *tell*. But suppose, says Mr. Ransom, this Puritanic effort has gone too far—suppose, in the attempt at purity it has broken down the molecule of, let us say salt, into its sodium or chlorine, neither of which tastes anything like the salt which made the effect of poetry. In other words, perhaps Puritanism in its attempt to specialize has mistaken a true compound for a mere mixture, and by getting its poetry too pure has analyzed it into something which no longer has any true relation to intelligible experience in life. Then you get an intellectual or esthetic exercise which is great fun for the poets, but meaningless to any reader who is not an expert in the rules of the game.

I call this chapter the key to the book because it is an excellent example of Mr. Ransom's analytical method, the purpose of which is to describe what the writer has tried to do, why he has tried to do it, and the results for culture made emotionally articulate. I cannot take the space to follow him through his studies of sentiment, of the cathartic principle, of Platonism, and of the function of meter, though incidentally it may be said that these essays represent the kind of lengthy, thorough, and matured criticism of literary work which is so deplorably lacking just now, having given place and room to historical surveys on one hand, and brief reviews on the other. My criticism of the book, however, can be briefly

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put, and by a comparison. The best recent book on literature has been Mary M. Colum's "From These Roots," a study of the heredity of criticism, which is compelling precisely because it is not a series of essays, but a theory and practice of criticism composed as such from the beginning to the end. The dust-cover description of Mr. Ransom's book, "Foundations for Literary Criticism," is inaccurate. It is not so much a foundation as a series of partial constructions upon blocks of theory by no means set together. He should give up essay writing for a while, and organize his interesting and valuable method and thesis into a book. He has the right temperament, and the right training, although his style is unnecessarily nebulous. An adequate criticism of his theories and his qualities as a critic must wait upon a book which he should now be ready to write.

The Sky Pilot

POSTSCRIPT TO ADVENTURE. The Autobiography of Ralph Connor. By Charles W. Gordon. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by Bob Davis

IN this extraordinary two-dimensional volume, the author deals with himself in the role of a minister of God and with his pseudonym, Ralph Connor, arrayed in the garb of a best-seller, who, without any desire other than to preach the word, suddenly found himself injected into Grub Street, from which his fame echoed far and wide. Indeed, it is difficult to account for the prosperity of the novelist when one stops to consider that he took time to maintain the high standard of Christianity that marked his ministerial career.

Born of Scotch parents in the early sixties, tempered in the wind and sunshine of the Canadian outdoors, trained in the open and hardened to the pioneer life, the boy Gordon under his father's eye entered the Presbyterian ministry. The youngest and the frailest of five brothers, he was none the less determined to make his own way. With the vehemence of a crusader, he plunged into the mission field of the church in Southern Manitoba, riding the plains, organizing Sunday schools and Bible classes, bucking the four seasons and hearing the war drums of the gathering Riel rebellion. He saw Canada in the raw, came to interpret its vastness, trekking its forests, traversing its rivers by canoe, conquering its prairies.

Summoned out of Winnipeg to Toronto as representative of the Western Home Mission Committee, the Reverend Charles W. Gordon attracted the attention of the Reverend J. A. Macdonald, editor of the church periodical *Westminster Magazine,* and later of the Toronto *Globe,* who invited him to write a story of his own experiences. The result was "Christmas Eve in a Lumber Camp," the beginning of "Black Rock." No author's name was given. Macdonald asked for a pseudonym. Gordon at that time acting as secretary of the British Canadian Northwest Mission, abbreviated into the form "Brit. Can. Nor. West Mission," allowed his eye to fall upon the shortened phrase and replied, taking the words "Can. Nor.," "Sign the article Cannor," which the Irish operator changed to Connor. This Celtic surname prefaced by Macdonald with the given name "Ralph," became the pseudonym under which Charles Gordon wrote his celebrated novels "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," "The Man from Glengarry," and others circulated to the number of five million copies and read in all English-speaking countries and in the trenches of the Great War. Prosperity and fame came to the author.

His "Postscript to Adventure" possesses the characteristics of a biography, a novel, and a history of the author's times. Into every phase of life and manners, politics, war, and the pursuit of a Christian ideal, Dr. Gordon strides in kilts, his pipes skirling in the wind, his heart beating with hope, through a panorama vaster than the average man is permitted to live or set down in narrative form.

It is a volume that will entertain the people of America, Canada, and England. Not the least of the fine chapters is the introduction written by J. King Gordon, son of the preacher novelist, who walked through the world, urged on by high ideals and love for his fellow man.

Dear, Dirty Dublin

COMING FROM THE FAIR. By Norah Hoult. New York: Covici-Friede. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones

I HAVE not, be it said to my shame, read previous volumes in Miss Hoult's "Holy Ireland" series, but it is difficult to see how any one of her previous books can surpass "Coming from the Fair" as a portrait of dear, dirty Dublin. The philosopher remarks in "The Crock of Gold": "There's a taste on that cake." There's a taste on "Coming from the Fair" which none of the Sassenach can possibly achieve. It is the portrait of a soul, the soul of Dublin in the first quarter of the present century. And yet the effect is achieved by one of the simplest and most direct of fictional methods, the method of reporting conversation. Here is the Dublin of the pubs and streets, cattle-buying and drink, Catholic Dublin, lower middle-class Dublin, Dublin of endless bawdy anecdotes, unconscious poetry and easy quotation from poets, Dublin of political prejudice and religious blasphemy.

Norah Hoult

The fable of "Coming from the Fair" is so simple it scarcely matters. After the death of Patrick O'Neill, the cattle-buyer, Charles, the eldest son, makes ducks and drakes of his father's money, taking to drink and evil ways. His sister Margaret leaves the church to marry a Protestant Englishman; another sister becomes a nurse; a brother turns to the races; by 1933 only the indomitable mother is left alive. The breaking up of the family is inevitable, but the theme is not treated with that taut seriousness which many American novelists bring to such a topic. On the contrary, what matters in the book is the ebb and flow of warm human life. There are, however, highly dramatic passages. The description of the crossing by a cattle boat of the Irish channel during a storm, a man dying of consumption in the hold and the owners getting drunk above, is one of the most vivid fictional passages I have read this year.

The wealth of observed detail, the wonderful reporting of talk, the sense of living and breathing Dublin life which the book conveys inevitably suggest comparison with the practice of American novelists. "Coming from the Fair" has been a difficult book to write, but the difficulty is not obtruded on the reader. We do not feel the clank of the fictional machinery or watch the novelist gathering his forces for the grand climax of tragedy and woe. Above all, we do not have that sense of tight efficiency, that atmosphere of anxiety to do right by the most Advanced Views in sociology or literature which make so much recent fiction brittle and transient. Miss Hoult's theme is Dublin, but it is also the savory quality of human nature and human talk. The savory quality of human nature seems to have departed from novelists intent upon saving the world.

It is difficult to say precisely what distinguishes the prose which comes out of Dublin from other prose. Possibly it is a matter of cadence, the cadence of words that are spoken instead of the cadence of words that are to be read. The writing is direct, simple, and to the point, yet the total effect of the volume is a poetical effect. Part of this is due to the lilt of the conversational rhythms, but a large part of it is also due to delight, delight in the vast variety of human life.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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The Next Best Seller

THE annual convention of the American Booksellers' Association this week takes place during one of the leanest book seasons in five years. In that space of time the booksellers have waged an uphill campaign for price maintenance, which was won in 1934 with NRA, lost in 1935 when NRA was declared unconstitutional, and won again in 1937 with the Feld-Crawford Act in New York, similar laws in many other states, and the Miller-Tydings Act of the Federal Government.

What the book trade needs now is a good book. A best seller. Something people want to read; something that sweeps the country on its own momentum, regardless of what the reviewers have to say, because readers like it and pass the word along. In 1933, in the trough of the depression, "Anthony Adverse" was the Moses that led the book trade out of the wilderness. "Anthony" not only made its own history, but unquestionably paved the public way for "Gone with the Wind." Do the literati sneer? Do we hear anybody saying that "Anthony" and "Gone with the Wind" are merely our old friends Winston Churchill and Mary Johnston in modern dress? Well, yes, we have heard remarks to that effect, but not many until the popularity of the two books was well established. There are always second-guessers to say that whatever is popular must be mediocre. However, even if we granted for the sake of argument that the second-guessers are right, we still maintain that it is better to read "Anthony" and "Gone with the Wind" than not to read any books at all.

Recently Pearl Buck made a speech, widely quoted in the press, in which she objected to best sellers on various counts, among others that the best seller list is "an iron mold on the public mind." This seems to beg the question, since the public mind is what creates the mold. Objecting to best sellers is like objecting to radio programs; after all, you don't have to read the best sellers if you don't want to. On the other hand, the commercially sponsored radio programs make it possible for NBC to put Toscanini on a sustaining program; and best sellers make it possible for publishers to issue distinguished books at a risk or at a loss, and for booksellers to carry them in stock.

This year, then, is one when a best seller on the level of Mr. Allen's or Miss Mitchell's would be doubly welcome. It is a lean season for business, and it is a lean season for books. Here is a partial but significant measure of the quality of this year's production: three of the most notable American novelists, including a Nobel Prize winner and a Pulitzer Prize winner, are represented on the spring lists with the weakest novels of their careers. Too many authors are joining crusades; too many book readers are finding the newspapers and magazines a sufficient substitute for the journalism they have been getting in the form of fiction. One of the psychological by-products of a best seller is that it creates conversation, and talk is a good lubricant for reading. What have literary people been talking about so far this year? We can't tell how it has been out your way, but around here the book readers and the book reviewers have been talking about "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," the birth-of-a-baby pictures in *Life*, and Franklin D. Roosevelt (the last, however, not in his capacity as an author). So we look forward to the next big, rousing best seller. We look forward to the reviewers' cry of "masterpiece!"; we look forward to the animated dinner-table conversations about the book, to the parodies and the wisecracks; we even look forward to the second-guessers, who will tell us that the book never was any good, anyway.

None of this, of course, is to say that there are not good and even distinguished books among the new publications, in sufficient quantity and variety to keep any reader busy. It is unnecessary to make a list of them; Thomas Mann's "Joseph in Egypt" is one that would distinguish any season, and it has been very successful. (How we should like to see it sell half a million copies, if only to hear what the highbrows would say.) But the fact remains that after five months of 1938, the best seller lists both in fiction and in non-fiction are headed by books published in 1937. If this meant only that last year's books were enjoying long lives, it would be a good thing. Unfortunately it means also that too many of this year's books are stillborn.

The Saturday Review welcomes the booksellers in convention, and wishes them a successful solution of the problems they have to discuss. But their main problem is outside their field; it's up to the authors.

Radio at Night

BY MILDRED COUSENS

NOW is the time that the dark flows in from the wide Atlantic,
The edge of the shadow glides over the miles of land,
Covering the restless continent far to its western beaches
With the peace of the homecoming hour and the stillness of night.

Then over the hemisphere listening there in the darkness,
The voices, the many voices, hover like birds in the air
That dip to earthward and rising, flutter and disappear.

The threads are tangled, the threads of sound, the golden music,
But over the lighted cities and towns where men are waiting
The words come clear as the clangor of bells.

The magic sound drifts over the Appalachian ridges—
Over the broad lakes held in the cupped hands of the hills,
Over the mighty rivers rushing along their valleys—
Out in the far Dakotas the tired man hitches his rocker
Across the faded carpet close to the dial—

Then lost, lost in the snows of the Rockies the voices,
Like ice-clad planes they are lost—only the strains of music
Schubert and Strauss and the wraiths of the women dancing
Swirl in the storm on the mountain-peaks of the Rockies—

There on the coasts where all day long the sunlight glistened
The dark lies now, and the voices drift out over
The pale white crescents that gleam like thin young moons—
The songs and the dances, the news of the day and the speeches,
The voice of the suave announcer, the sound of the gong—
Twelve o'clock by Pacific time—back in New York
The music is thinning a little, but way out in Frisco
The fun is beginning, the wine just starting to flow.

The voices float out over the western ocean
And are lost like birds in the deep fog of the dark.

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Letters to the Editor: *"Architects of Ideas;" The Pulitzer Prize Novel*

A Reply to Mr. Bierstedt

SIR:—I take great exception to Mr. Robert Bierstedt's review of "Architects of Ideas" by Ernest R. Trattner, and would enlighten potential readers who may derive both pleasure and profit from the book, but who might be deterred by such a notice, appearing in so respected a magazine as *The Saturday Review of Literature*. I also have read the book; priding myself on an intelligence far above that of the ten-year-old—even of the fourteen-year-old—I found it instructive, interesting, and often inspiring. In short, I feel it was a happy thought which prompted Mr. Trattner to write such a book, and that his successful achievement merits him a vote of gratitude from the thinking world.

Obviously, Mr. Bierstedt is merely grinding the axe of an aversion to the "popularizing" type of literature. I have no desire to convert him, but take him to task for inflicting his personal dislike on those who regard the printed book review, no matter how opinionated it may be, as the ultimate judgment of a book's worth.

Unfortunately, there is no criterion for literary criticism; nor is there any fixed standard to measure the ability to criticize, with the result that commentary on style is an unrestricted vocation, open to everyone. Mr. Bierstedt, with an unborn insight into the art of literary criticism, has totally overlooked Mr. Trattner's pleasurable style, which is both appropriate to the subject and inherently beautiful. The philosophy lecturer has misconstrued the fascinating freshness, which comes from the author's enthusiasm for his subject, and his talent for presenting it in an absorbing fashion; he has selected naïveté, in a pejorative sense, as another target for his "criticism."

Lastly, Mr. Bierstedt has smugly ignored the essential purpose of "Architects of Ideas." Its main value is the integrated account of man's scientific progress, made lively by the introduction of the scientists themselves, and meaningful by showing the interrelation of apparently disparate fields in their proper historical perspective. Above all, the fact that this wealth of information is brought within the scope of all thinking persons, makes the book an event of scientific importance. Since Mr. Bierstedt's intellectual snobbery would deprive the layman of such knowledge, and relegate him once and for all to the baseball field, he cannot be expected to appreciate the intrinsic value of such a book.

ADELE GOLDFINE.

New York City.

"The Late George Apley"

Sir:—I have just finished reading the comments on the Pulitzer Prizes and also the poem by F. P. A. with the line, "Why did it win the Pulitzer Prize?" I want to ask the same question concerning John P. Marquand's "The Late George Apley."

As the *SRL* says, "Mr. Marquand was a much poorer philosopher than Santayana [in "The Last Puritan"] but a much better novelist." I am afraid I cannot agree with Mr. DeVoto on the latter part of that statement. One reviewer (whose name I have forgotten) said, "If you chuckled at 'The Last Puritan.' you would laugh out loud at 'The Late George Apley.'" I do hope there is nothing wrong with my sense of humor—I laughed out loud at the first book and was much disappointed with the second.

Last year "The Last Puritan" was mentioned as a runner-up to "Gone with the Wind." I think it is hardly fair that a book of such high quality should be passed up and then a year later a book that resembles it so much should receive the award.

I wonder if others agree with me and if there is any real justification for my belief. Perhaps I had better reread "The Late George Apley." It is now two years since I have read "The Last Puritan" and maybe now I will not be prejudiced in its favor.

BETTY LEE HILLGREN.

Chicago, Ill.

"T! T! T as in Tea!"

Polish Folklore

SIR:—Miss Sarah Benet, first assistant in anthropology at the University of Warsaw, who is at present in the United States, and I are preparing a book on the folklore of Poland. We plan to devote a portion of it to the question of how far their ancestral customs and beliefs have survived among the Poles in the United States. In order that we might report on this subject as fully as possible, we should appreciate hearing from your readers who are in contact with Polish groups in the United States and who have knowledge of native Polish family and holiday customs, beliefs, proverbs, and superstitions that have been preserved here.

We should be most grateful to you if you would be so kind as to publish this appeal with the request that the correspondence be directed to me and that it contain, wherever possible, in addition to a description of the practices or beliefs, the information whether they were observed among original immigrants or among their descendants born or reared in this country.

HELEN ZAND (Mrs. Stephen J. Zand).
82 Tennis Place,
Forest Hills, N. Y.

Sainte-Beuve Letters

SIR:—I should be very much obliged to you if you would find space for this letter in your columns. I am looking for the letters of Sainte-Beuve for a French editor who is publishing a complete correspondence in Paris. If any of your readers can give me any information which will help me to trace letters in public or private collections it will be of great help.

C. H. DICKSON.

8, Highwood Gardens,
Ilford,
Essex, England.

Uniatz

SIR:—Referring to Dorothea Moore's letter in your issue of May 14, you may read ten billion Carter Dickson mysteries and never find Uniatz. He is "The Saint's" factotum—by Leslie Charteris.

JUDGE LYNCH
(for The Criminal Record).

New York City.

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Translations from the Chinese

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Undertone

THE very day I set aside for writing
The plumbers came unexpectedly.
I fear through all my verses
You may overhear the clang of pipes,
And voices in the cellar.

A Misunderstanding

The old sinologue and his girl
Were completely at cross purpose
For when she talked hopefully
About Schiaparelli
He supposed she meant the great astronomer
Who discovered canals on Mars.

Variation on R. K.

Women, says a newspaper,
Control most of the money.
Excellent! for the Female with the Specie
Is more thrifty than the male.

Irony

And, speaking of Kipling,
How upset he must have been
By what happened to his favorite emblem,
The swastika.

Proofroom

The New Deal (said the Old Mandarin,
Visiting a printing plant)
Is attempting to correct the galley proofs
Of your hastily compiled civilization;
And I do not expect it
To be more accurate
Than most proofreaders.
But do not quote me
To the *Herald Tribune.*

Reassurance

We believe that this hemisphere was set aside by our Creator for the ultimate destiny of man.

—Governor La Follette.

I love you, darling, cried the swain:
I love your body, love your brain.
My heart's fixation upon you
Goes backwards, forwards, and clear through.
With ecstasy your hand I hold. . . .
She said: *I needed to be told.*

God loves us, the young statesman cried:
This hemisphere He set aside.
There is no doubt He loves us best
(Especially the Middle West).
So now, before the votes are polled . . .
They said: *We needed to be told.*

Footnote for Havelock Ellis

"Here a vast continent"
(Platformed Governor La Follette)
"Was kept virgin for centuries."
But those kept virgin too long
Often get the heeby-jeebies.

Famous Battles of History

The uproar over the *Sixty Families*
Reminds me of Malplaquet and Ramillies.
Social war has mudshed and venom
Just as much as the Battle of Blenheim.

Complaint

Time always calls a child a *moppet:*
I wish they'd stop it.
The humor of the word is flimsy—
If *I* used it, they'd cry *whimsy.*

Small Things to Look For

My favorite parson when he rants
Often quotes *As the Hart pants*—
To which association sparks:
So does Schaffner, so does Marx.

Seduced

Now comes after-lunch, the hour of dread.
The Baltimore oriole, Malvolio from Maryland,
Warbles his luscious lyric:
Why do you work, why?
Why? Why work?
There's a new detective story—

A Poor Client

Once I asked a director of Brooks Brothers
(The famous tailors)
Why they never advertised the fact
That their clothes were worn
By Abraham Lincoln.
"We wouldn't dare," he cried in dismay—
"He wore them so badly."

Postscript to a Famous Verse

But glasses can always be checked
By a girl who's about to be necked.

Reunion in Sienna

This, said the colored beau,
Embracing his sweetheart who had been absent,
Satisfies a long-wanted feeling.

Embarrassment

The very day I set aside to begin my book
The publisher called up
To know if it was finished.

Laboratory Note

I gather, said the Old Mandarin,
That some of your critics are disturbed
About the savagery of the modern novel.
But even the Parboiled School
Cannot raise the Boiling Point
Above 212 degrees.

A Twinge

When I think back to the old pagoda
By the Lake of Song-Sung—
The almond tree in blossom
And the little serving maid in her blue pyjamas
There comes to mind the sagecrack
Of the man in the club car at Seattle.
He came in breathing hard,
Flushed from a difficult parting,
And ordered emphatic drink.
Presently he said, There ought to be a law
Against people going away from home.

Promotion

Haile Selassie needn't worry
If he has no empire.
He may yet be citizen
Of another country
Which has never been conquered.
Confucius belonged to it, and Lao-Tse,
And Buddha, and Thomas More.
It has no boundaries and no goose-step,
Not even an axis,
And it never gets into the News.

Per Ardua

The Old Mandarin, on tour,
Got lost in rural Illinois.
Keep on the Hard Road, they told him;
Don't take the Gumbo Road.
This phrase, with its ethical suggestion,
So pleased him that he paused to ponder
And missed his dinner altogether.

Semper Et Ubique

Well, said the viceroy,
During an interval in the siege of Hankow,
Shall we waste time,
Or shall we talk about women?

Recessional

The very day I set aside for writing
Most of the people I know
Apparently lost their jobs
And began to call up about it.
Perhaps through these inscriptions
You may hear their anxious queries
Which I would answer if I could.

Beauty Parlor

The homeliest folks, of either sex,
Are those with a crease in the back of their necks.

Flood Control

Said the old mystagogue, I admire your Federal projects:
Huge dams to steady the drainage
Of temperamental streams.
But Oh I cry for a TVA
That will check me the greatest river:
The terrible flux of Time.

Manners

Always I polish my spectacles
Before going out in a dappled evening.
Let there be no murk on the lenses
When I pay duty to the moon.

Fences

A Spite Fence, if I understand your vulgate,
Is a screen to help the jurymen
Keep their minds on abstract testimony
When the defendant is of gracious mould.
But do not, O you well-intending teachers,
Build a Spite-Fence around Literature

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To make her seem so inaccessible.
The Muse has pretty legs.—
So let's admire them.

Peristalsis

Once, in a fluoroscopic clinic,
I saw the workings of my entrails
Reflected on a screen.
Grievously I thought:
My mind, too, churns like that.

North of Tweed

The only time his money burned in his pocket
Was when he happened to be sitting
Too close to the electric heater.

Social Conscience

I always study shoulders.
I saw a skinny young fellow
On the subway stairs
Hell for leather on his unknown concerns.
What burdens, I wondered,
Will those frail scapulae
Have to bear?

Conclusion Not Leaped To

Dogs, like ourselves,
Bark at what they don't understand.
But let it not be assumed
That either they or we
Understand everything not barked at.

Boredom

Whenever I asymptote
The estates of the mighty
I envy their thick shrubbery and tall fences,
And smile to think how often
Those who have attained this blessed privacy
Don't know what to do with it
When they've got it.

Passaic Bible

My friend the scientist said:
"I'll look it up in my Bible."
I was pleased by his unexpected piety,
Whereupon he drew out
A black liturgical volume, much tattered—
Kent's *Mechanical Engineer's Handbook*
(10th edition 1923, 153rd thousand)
Copyright by the Passaic National Bank and Trust.

Spring Night

The moon lays a black stripe on the sundial.
Cold-hearted frogs are suggesting
What the birds were too lively to say.
In the gap of the woods burns my Polar star.
Two things I cannot bear:
The briefness of the dogwood tree,
And the thought, there will be nights like this
When I am old.

Dialogue

"The moonlight hurts my eyes. Let's keep behind
The trees."
"It's not my eyes; it hurts my mind."

From Griffith to Garbo

THE HISTORY OF MOTION PICTURES. By Maurice Bardèche and Robert Brasillach. Translated and edited by Iris Barry. New York: W. W. Norton & Co., and The Museum of Modern Art. 1938. $4.

Reviewed by GILBERT SELDES

FOR several years the conversation of all writers about the past of the movies, all collectors of ancient stills, all serious attendants at the excellent programs arranged by the Film Library of the Museum of Modern Art, has been sprinkled with references to "B and B." This was a brief and affectionate way of talking about the book by two Frenchmen, with rather difficult names, which has now been translated, and brilliantly commented upon, by Iris Barry. Her work is so important, in the whole, that just as Brahms was added to Bach and Beethoven, her B is added to the first two. Without her, this history would still be an entrancing record, full of surprises, remarkably detailed, giving a clearer view of the moving picture all over the world than any other book has presented; but it would have remained faulty, shot through with errors, some gross, some amusing, about America, and a little oblique to the general line as we know it. Miss Barry has corrected these errors; and if you are, as I am, a footnote fiend, you will relish her corrections, reproof, and additions.

It is amazing how the movies made all the errors at the beginning and still survived. We have the story of an eminent tragedian of the Comédie Française, Mounet-Sully himself, who "refused to omit a single word of the great speeches" when a *silent* version of "Oedipus" was made—the classic instance of over-talking which afflicts even the modern picture. The false notion that the moving picture is a series of photographs and therefore that you can photograph any play and have a movie was also one of the early heresies; and while it has been abandoned as a method, it still persists as a mental hazard, so that directors often fail to make movies when they begin with the script of a successful play. (Parts of "Dead End," for instance.)

Reading a film history, which recalls Maciste and Max Linder and the first Garbo pictures and all the old Chaplins, makes for sentimentality, and the authors of this book encourage that weakness: they signalize a "classic era" of the silent film, but foresee no parallel great era in the new medium. I get the impression that, like many other enthusiasts, Messrs. B and B wish the inventors had kept their hands off the precious camera and projector, instead of adding the microphone. For a long time I felt that the silent movie was a form of art which had disappeared

Culver Service

"Reading a film history . . . makes for sentimentality." (D. W. Griffith directing "The Birth of a Nation;" seated, Lillian Gish and Wallace Reid; cameraman, G. W. Bitzer.)

—had been talked to death. After a fairly unhappy transition period, the movies began to swing back to good principles, in spite of sound, and you can now believe that the fundamental art of the pictures has been modified, but has proved itself superior to change. When you see "Snow White" and recognize in it half a dozen of the oldest types of silent pictures, you cannot believe that the art has disappeared or has been fatally bastardized.

"A spectacle that seems in recollection to equal the world's greatest literature. . . ." The film: "Carmen of the Klondike"; date, 1919; made by Thomas Ince. The title is now long forgotten, Ince is dead and recalled only by experts. But those words were written by Jean Cocteau, who knew something of great literature. I wonder whether our enthusiasms will as quickly deceive us; for there have been a few pictures which seemed as immortal as genius and celluloid could make them. So far the movies have suffered because they have become outmoded, since they tried too hard to follow a mode. But isn't it possible that they actually cannot create permanently satisfactory works of art? Isn't it possible that, like the theater, the movies work in material which is essentially fleeting, even if the picture can be preserved?

In a way, the answer to these questions isn't important. Whether one picture or half a dozen be added to the small collection of the world's great works of art is not nearly so significant as the addition of a new art-form. When you read a history of the movies, like the one which has put these puzzling questions into my mind, you have no doubt of the movies themselves. That is why it is a remarkably good book.

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BOOK PREVIEW

"In less than half an hour the main office began filling up . . ." (From the jacket design of "We Too Are the People.")

People on Relief

BY LOUISE V. ARMSTRONG

Mrs. Armstrong's book, "We Too Are the People," to be published in June by Little, Brown & Co., is a record of her three years' work as Relief Administrator in northern Michigan. *The Saturday Review* presents herewith her account of two cases from her first day on the job.

I WAS quite happy and excited when I arrived a little before nine and unlocked the office door on the day that it was to open. Everything was in order and it looked very businesslike. Three of the case-workers and the accountant had been sent to a neighboring county to observe the various procedures of the work in an office which had been opened before ours. The city case-worker and I were alone.

The avalanche began almost at once. In less than half an hour the main office began filling up with the old people, the sick people, the widows and the like, who had been receiving aid from the County Poor Commission.

Two cases, which came to my attention that day, stand out vividly in my memory. They were characteristic of the strong contrast in human events which was constantly evident in the office. One moment we were face to face with the most heart-breaking tragedy, and the next moment with sidesplitting comedy. Along late in the morning a couple out in the main office caught my attention because they seemed to be in very desperate trouble. They were a gentle-faced old man, with tears rolling down his wrinkled cheeks, and a young woman sobbing quietly with her head on his shoulder. As soon as I noticed them I took them into my office at once without making them wait for their turn. The old man's wife had died the day before, and the poor old fellow seemed utterly dazed by the shock. This old couple lived all alone in town, and the Poor Commission had helped them. The young woman was his married daughter from Detroit, who had come up for her mother's funeral. They were Polish. The old man spoke no English and understood it only a very little. The daughter spoke English well, but she was in an almost hysterical condition.

"What's going to become of him now?" she burst out between her sobs. "I can't take him back with me. I can't, I tell you! My husband has only two days' work a week, and we have children. We're almost starving ourselves, and he would have to starve with us. I had to borrow from all the neighbors—a dollar here and a dollar there—to get the money to come up here. And the little bit of insurance mother had will only pay to bury her. Please help him! You can't let my old father starve!"

"Of course we won't let him starve," I said. "We're going to take care of him. That's what we are here for—to see that people like your father don't suffer in any way which we can prevent."

I turned to the old man. The daughter sat across the desk from me, and he sat at the end of the desk, quite close to me. How was I going to make him understand? I put my hand on his arm.

"We are sorry—so sorry," I said. "We are your friends here." The daughter said something in Polish and he looked up at me. "We are going to take care of you," I said. "You must believe that we are your friends." And then to the daughter: "Tell him in Polish. Make him understand."

She spoke to him in Polish. He looked at me as if his faded blue eyes were searching clear through me to find out if what I said was true. Then he grabbed my arm with both his gnarled old hands and held on as if he would never let me go. Presently the daughter came over and took his arm and helped him to rise.

"Now take your father home," I said. "Don't let him worry, and don't worry yourself. I will send someone over right away, and we will help you all we can."

The city case-worker called on them in about an hour. She found the usual pathetic scene, which we afterwards saw so often. The dead wife and mother lay in her coffin in the shabby little parlor. That case-worker, with her calm, kind manner, was just the one to comfort them. The father became one of our regular direct relief cases, and he was one of the most lovable of all our old men.

The other applicant, whose visit that first day is still very clear in my memory, was also Polish: a widow with six children. She was about forty years old, and was dressed rather better than most of the applicants. As I was taking down the essential points in her situation, the phone on my desk rang. It was a neighbor of mine, and when our brief conversation ended, I said: "Good-bye, Mrs. Brown." To my surprise the Polish widow asked: "Was that Mrs. George Brown?" I said it was.

"She give me this coat!" she exclaimed, as if that should be a bond between us.

"Is that so?" I said. "I noticed you have a very nice coat." This opened the floodgates.

"Oh! Mrs. Brown, she is always so good to me!" she said. "And Mr. Brown! Never was nobody in the world so good to me like Mr. and Mrs. Brown. Why—the Browns, they kilt my husband!"

That placed the woman, and I remembered the incident, which had taken place quite a few years before. The Browns, one of the finest families among the Hill folks, had been driving their car at night on the outskirts of the Polish quarter, when a man on a bicycle had appeared out of nowhere on the wrong side of the road, and it had been impossible to swerve the car in time. They hit him and killed him. When they bent over the body, it reeked of alcohol. Being conscientious people, they were distressed beyond words. They carried full insurance and saw to it that the widow and children received a sum which was more than they would ever have had in their lives otherwise, and they did not stop at that. They had always kept in touch with the family and had done everything they possibly could for them. But my Polish widow was not through.

"Always he was drunk once. Every night he come home and beat up on me and the kids. Half the time we don't get nothing to eat. Always he go by the bootlegger and come home without no money. I don't know what would have happen to me and the kids, if the Browns they hadn't kilt my husband."

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"We've Always Been Right!"

FIGHTING FOOLS. By Brigadier General James E. Edmunds. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ERNEST DUPUY, MAJOR, F. A., U. S. A.

FROWARD, turbulent, swaggering, these United States since their inception in the congress of nations have played the part of thoughtless, semi-sentimental bully. Seeking its way at the bayonet's point, yet always unprepared, this nation has jumped time and again into armed conflict without counting cost. "We've always been right!" is General Edmund's biting indictment of our attitude, and he adds that we have not changed much since the days of the Boston Tea Party.

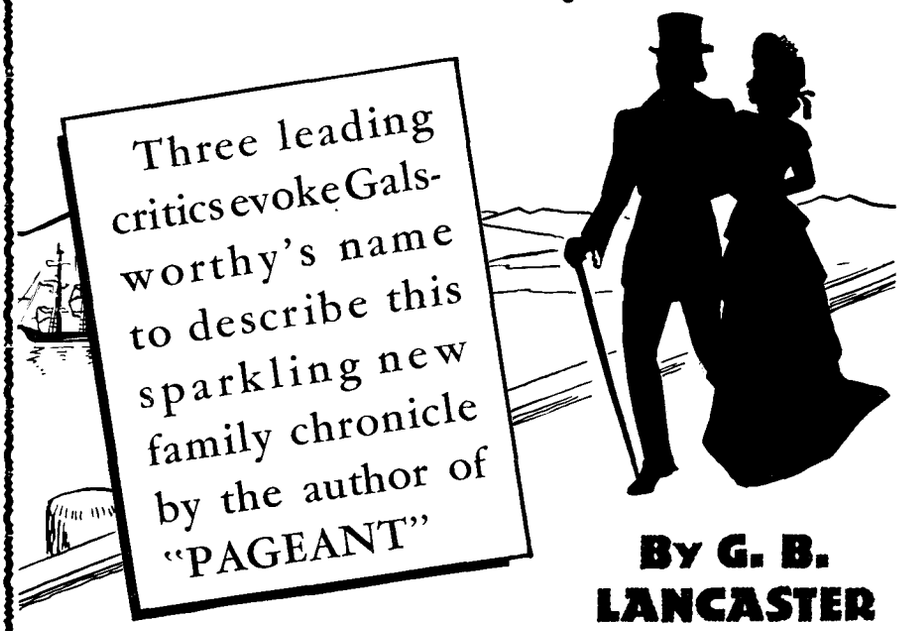
Here is history in the raw; history which, unfortunately, one cannot get from the run-of-the-mill history book, but none the less both true and damning. There is in this country the belief in the existence of a so-called "American spirit"—a sort of sterling impetuosity which, at the right time—whenever that may be—will rush to arms and soar triumphant, in an ecstasy of pure patriotism, over all opposition. Pretty, such pap, but a poor defense against machine gun bullet or aerial bomb. Furthermore, this much vaunted voluntary national rush to arms has never existed in fact.

The author produces evidence that lack of a military policy to support national policy—a lack attributable entirely to Congress and its valiant ignorance, overriding admonitions and advice of soldiers, from Washington down—has resulted in a most exorbitant squandering of life and money. He further asserts that even today—with the National Defense Act in being—our military structure is so undermined by penny-pinching termites as to be a façade which may well, in time of emergency, become a whited sepulcher to enclose the corpses of more American soldiers heedlessly sacrificed.

Sidelights on little-known events continually pop from the pages of this fascinating volume; *vide*: the Republic of West Florida. How many, off hand, can truthfully state they know of its existence? Yet exist it did, with its flag "a silver star upon a blue field."

A book of this sort has been long needed. Upton's "Military Policy of the United States," from which "Fighting Fools" is in the main drawn, is unknown to the average American. Stockton's admirably conceived and documented "Inevitable War" is, unfortunately, too solid for the casual reader. "Fighting Fools" is a happy compromise. General Edmunds has dished up in entertaining fashion a peppery narrative well worth reading. His premises are sound, and his conclusions equally so.

"...Galsworthy" (1)
"...Galsworthy" (2)
"...Galsworthy" (3)


Three leading critics evoke Galsworthy's name to describe this sparkling new family chronicle by the author of "PAGEANT"

BY G. B. LANCASTER

PROMENADE

(1) WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT:

"It is rare that an author sets himself so large a canvas as has Miss Lancaster, and succeeds so well with a full-bodied historical novel. The book is filled with dramatic episodes and living characters. One might say that Miss Lancaster is the Galsworthy of New Zealand. Hers is also the saga of an English family, transplanted but not subdued."—*Saturday Review of Literature.*

(2) LEWIS GANNETT:

"A gossipy lady Galsworthy—that's G. B. Lancaster, who writes gorgeous romance. *Promenade* is, I think, better than *Pageant*. The author has the all-important sense of story and a penetrating wit which at its best recalls G. B. Stern herself."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

(3) CLIFTON FADIMAN:

"Miss Lancaster has a sprightly style that often deepens to irony. She makes easy, pleasant reading¡ Galsworthy on the level of good gossip."—*The New Yorker.*

AND two reviewers say that PROMENADE is New Zealand's *Gone with the Wind.* (1) Henry Seidel Canby, in the *Book-of-the-Month-Club News.* (2) *The New Haven Register.*

NEWS! STOP PRESS!

Just as proof of this advertisement was being read, another review arrived comparing Lancaster with Galsworthy. The *Dayton News* says: "Through the detailed story of the long, normal interlocked lives of the Forsytes, Galsworthy created his picture of England . . . G. B. Lancaster, through this same technique, tells the story of the settling and developing of New Zealand."

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The Young Pretender

COMMANDER OF THE MISTS. By D. L. Murray, New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE grandson of King James II of England, the elder son of the "Old Pretender," is today as glamorous a figure in Scottish history as his famous ancestress, Mary Queen of Scots. The time of the Rising in '45 is a period packed with romance. D. L. Murray writes his new novel "in homage to the Scottish nation from a distant kinsman." Those who read his remarkably vigorous novel of the Crimean War, "Trumpeter, Sound!," and his no less vigorous "Regency," can be assured that he makes the most of this story of Scotland and Bonnie Prince Charlie. He has created a fictitious family and clan living in an imagined locality near Cuillin Sound, the small clan Maceachan under protection of the powerful Macdonalds of Clan Ranald and the Camerons of Lochiel, which furnishes a heroine, Darthula (her name coming from Ossian's Deirdre of the Sorrows) who is fascinating and spirited enough for any novel with the clang of claymores in it. She gives everything for her Prince, except her love.

Mr. Murray sticks to history pretty closely, save for certain legitimate and necessary adjustments of it to the purposes of a novel which, besides careful research, blazes with imagination. The history of Charles Edward's gallant attempt that sealed the fate of the House of Stuart is itself replete with romantic episode, but the story of Darthula, her family, and her lawyer lover, Allan Duncanson, who fought on the English side with the Clan Campbell, shows the novelist's power as a creative artist. Scott would have devoured this book with avidity. Its color and drama overcome any difficulties one may encounter with the Scots dialects, and background and characterization are full of rich and beautiful detail. The cast of characters includes actual persons, like those in the retinue of Charles Stuart, and, upon the Hanoverian side, the gross Duke of Cumberland. Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, the Jacobite intriguer and double-dealer, figures prominently in his wheedling and treacherous role. Besides Allan Duncanson, whom she finally marries, Darthula has another persistent suitor in Alastair MacDonell, Young Glengarry.

Darthula, throughout the tale, is a sort of new Flora Macdonald in her burning loyalty to the ill-fated Stuart cause, and in her self-sacrifice. The backgrounds of old Edinburgh and wild Scotland are vividly depicted. Though this is the kind of novel that Stevenson affectionately denominated "tushery," it is a rattling good one of its kind, and not without its deep pathos.

GREEK AND ROMAN NAVAL WARFARE

A Study of Strategy, Tactics, and Ship Design
from Salamis (480 B.C.) to Actium (31 B.C.)

By Vice Admiral William Ledyard Rodgers
U. S. Navy, Retired

The book is a historical examination of the part played by Greek and Roman navies in the political and economic development of their respective countries in the last five centuries before Christ. There is a study of the types of ships of the day and of changes in arms and tactics and their reactions on each other as well as of the functions of national navies in attack and defence and in support of their national armies.

"Admiral Rodgers . . . follows many campaigns on land and pays no little attention to political factors. His own interest, very clearly, lies not in professional matters so much as in the general conduct of war as an expression of national policy. He shows notable skill in omitting the trivial details that often paralyze military narratives and moves ahead on a clear and definite course. The style is direct and straightforward and the general manner of writing thoroughly readable." — *American Historical Review.*

Pp. xv + 555, pls. 14, 19 figs. in text, 28 maps. $6.00 postpaid.

UNITED STATES NAVAL INSTITUTE
Annapolis, Maryland

Ambitious Fathers

MY SON, MY SON! By Howard Spring. New York: The Viking Press. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

THIS novel by the literary critic of the London *Evening Standard* has all the elements that make for popularity—a large canvas, pleasing characters, dramatic episodes, a twofold success story, sentiment that hovers on the verge of sentimentality without too frequently slopping over into it, love, and youth, and tragedy woven into its tale.

"My Son, My Son!" is directly in the Dickens tradition, and makes a Dickensesque use of unfavored childhood to introduce its train of events. It chronicles the life stories of two men who rose from humble beginnings to wealth and of their sons in whom they hoped to realize all that had been denied to their own youth. For William Essex, childhood had meant poverty and toil and unlovely home life, and consequently his dearest wish was to bestow on his son Oliver the luxuries and indulgence his own early years had lacked. In Dermot O'Riordan a passionate devotion to the idea of Irish freedom (the story begins before the World War) had been submerged under the demands of successful business and so was converted into a determination to bring his son up a zealot for the cause. Both men killed the thing they loved. But Mr. Spring has pictured the rise to maturity of two generations before tragedy overtook them, and intertwined the stories of parents and children in a tale that knows both sunshine and shadow. Into the tapestry of his story are woven scenes of lowly life, young love and manhood's success, and the hopes and heartbreaks of a time across which war cut its swath.

Mr. Spring tells his tale with ease, and lays his colors on with deftness. Oliver, with his shining beauty and his weakness, Rory, with his strength and unshakable loyalty, the undisciplined and vivid Livia, Maeve, so ardent, so glowing, so devoured by her own generous nature, each in turn and all together hold the interest. There is no question of the readability of Mr. Spring's book.

And yet it is not a first-rate novel. It is far too long, it is too distinctly in the manner of Dickens not to wear a reminiscent air, and it is too patently motivated to prove a thesis. Mr. Spring set out to show how disastrous the dead hand of hopes can be when laid by an older generation on a younger, and all his succession of events is manipulated to that end. One refuses to accept his conclusions as inevitable except for the purposes of effect. And for all the precision with which the characters are realized they fail on the whole to seize on the emotions profoundly. Because "My Son, My Son!" is such an absorbing tale, one regrets that it is not even more.

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Transit of Cultures

THE FOUNDING OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION: THE MIDDLE COLONIES. By Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IT is seldom that a book on colonial history breaks new ground as effectively as this. Dr. Wertenbaker occupies himself with one subject—colonial culture between the Hudson and the Chesapeake; and he drives a fresh set of roads through it. No attention is paid to politics and almost none to economics. The author is concerned with the way of life, the civilization, which English, Scotch, Irish, Germans, Swedes, and French Huguenots transplanted to America, and which was at once modified by geography, climate, trade, and the intermingling of races. In any political account of the colonies, the dominant English influences must receive emphasis; so also in any account of the business life of colonial America, its laws and governmental institutions, and its literature. But if the focus of attention is swung to manners, customs, architecture, modes of tillage, and much else that went into daily life, far less stress can be laid upon British impulses. Much was brought from Holland, much from the German Palatinate, much from France. The heterogeneous and polyglot character of early American civilization comes into view. Dr. Wertenbaker has given exhaustive study to the contributions of the various racial groups, and to the slow growth of a unique civilization as they collaborated with each other and with the rugged wilderness.

We all know how much the English colonists brought to Massachusetts and Virginia, and how great a part of it survives in the America of 1938. We have all heard the exaggerated boasts of Germans, Irish, Italians, and others upon how much *they* brought to America. But these latter racial groups seldom tell us what we really wish to know. Dr. Wertenbaker attacks the subject temperately and scientifically. He shows how the Palatinate settlers tried to set up in central Pennsylvania a replica of their village communities along the Rhine; how the Dutch did erect on Manhattan Island a miniature Amsterdam; how Penn's Quaker followers made brick-built Philadelphia a neater copy of the brick-and-stone London that arose after the Great Fire. He differentiates the Dutch, German, and English barns. In 1730 a traveler who saw the first near Albany, the second near York, Pa., and the third in New Jersey would have grasped their unlikeness instantly. The Flemish cottage of our Walloon settlers, with its sweeping eaves and pronounced overhang; the Dutch houses, with their serried gable-ends, arched windows, and iron weathervanes; the beautiful Georgian houses of the English, were equally unlike, and all have their successors today. The methods of tilling land varied as much as the systems of land-tenure. The Palatinate villages were self-contained economic units, whose farmers, masons, smiths, and millers had inherited their crafts directly from the Middle Ages. Their ways were conservative, but English officials and travelers paid tribute to their ingenuity, skill, and thrift. Dr. Wertenbaker tells us of the farm implements of the various stocks; of their household furnishings; of their dress and their arts in wood and iron.

The general thesis of the book is that it was a commingling of many cultures, of many ways of life, which made the origins of the American civilization that we know today. The Gloria Dei church in Philadelphia might be taken as a symbol of the process. Its main lines are clearly English, for it was built by workmen of English blood and ideas. But it has French-Flemish details; its baptismal font is Swedish; and its organ-loft is also continental in design. Dr. Wertenbaker touches on many curious survivals from the foreign-language groups of colonial days. The adjustable-roof haystack, its wooden top pushed up or down to suit the quantity of hay, survives in a few areas in the Raritan and Passaic valleys of original Dutch settlement; but it has never been adopted outside these areas. The author also pays due attention to the ecclesiastical organization and church history of the various stocks, and to the influence of Dutch and Germans on the American branch of the English language. His volume, of course, shows the superior vitality and power of the British culture. In New York and Albany the Dutch tongue and Dutch ways were slowly but remorselessly extinguished. In the German areas of Pennsylvania the process of extinction was slower but equally sure. There was a time when Benjamin Franklin expressed alarm lest English speech and English ways be obliterated by the fast-multiplying Germans, but even in his day that fear became fantastic. The author gives proper space to the great Quaker experiment in Pennsylvania, and due homage to its results; and he describes fully the Puritan migration to East Jersey.

Altogether, this is a richly entertaining and an instructive book. Some parts of it are pioneer work, and indicate paths for further research. Dr. Wertenbaker would not have us draw any extreme conclusions from it. As he says, New England was purely English in character in colonial times; so was most of the South. But in the Middle Colonies the heterogeneity of races, the variety of economic conditions, the isolation of some groups and the mingling of others, created a remarkable laboratory for the formation of a new civilization. How that American civilization—different from anything in Europe—arose and developed is the subject of his well-planned and well-written work.

Erratum

In our issue of May 7, the name of the author of "The Time of Change" was unfortunately misspelled. It should have appeared as Lucile Grebenc.

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Marxist Science

BIOLOGY AND MARXISM. By Marcel Prenant. New York: International Publishers. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by H. M. PARSHLEY

IT is surprising to find a specialist in science, a zoölogist of standing, writing a treatise on biology, in which every biological concept is linked with some Marxian idea and in which the method of scientific experiment and the form of valid scientific argumentation are identified with the scheme of dialectical materialism. Such a production, if it is not to be dismissed as utterly fantastic, requires criticism from many points of view, including the philosophical, the sociological, the historical, and the scientific. The present reviewer—a scientific critic—finds the book clear, intelligent, accurate, and up to date, and grants it a certain importance, not, to be sure, as a work of science—for it is no more than a very elementary text of theoretical biology—but rather as propaganda of a new and high-toned kind, calculated to impress the young student of science. It is introduced by the biochemist Joseph Needham and may be taken as a fair sample of the radical works to be expected from the group of young Marxian scientists now active in England and France. The translator is C. Desmond Greaves, whose work is excellent.

The term "dialectical materialism" appears to mean, in essence, the concept or theory that matter exists as a reality prior to and apart from mind (opposed to philosophical idealism) and that present reality has arisen through ceaseless, orderly, and universal processes of change and development (opposed to all forms of vitalism and supernaturalism). Further, the dialectical view emphasizes the emergence of new levels of organization, governed by new laws, as the always material stuff of nature becomes arranged in new patterns (opposed to "vulgar" or naive mechanism). In his foreword Needham completes the Marxian picture by asserting that this universal evolution, applied to security, will mean "the coming of the classless world-republic."

But Professor Prenant keeps pretty well to his biology, even though he does quote more than fifty times from "the Marxian classics." Were Marx, Engels, and Lenin biologists? Well, yes and no. "The essential is, of course, always the method," but it appears that they studied science and had an especially clear view of Darwinism. In particular they, and Professor Prenant, decry the Malthusian element in Darwinian selection as applied to human society. It is *anti-dialectical and hence fallacious,* one learns, because it is an effort to apply the laws of one level of organization to another. Among animals increase in population may outrun the means of subsistence; but not so with human society, says the Marxist, for man's inventiveness is assurance that the means of production will improve as the population increases. And, of course, the author suggests that, with man, the "struggle for existence" is not between individuals for a limited subsistence, but between classes ("oppressed" against "possessing") for control of the means of production.

Among the more important biological subjects discussed are animal and early human societies, the nature of living matter, and the problems of adaptation, life, form, heredity, consciousness, and race. Reflex activities, instinct, intelligence, and other psychological topics get brief but critical and up-to-date treatment. At the end the author presents a short and clear summary, criticizing teleological vitalism and outlining the materialist view of human society.

In so far as "dialectical materialism" means no more than the scientific method and the evolutionary concept, it is natural enough that it should apply to biology, with or without quotations from Marx and Engels. But reading the book under review gives rise to a strong impression that the author is endeavoring throughout to amalgamate two incongruous if not antagonistic realms of thought. The effort is consistent and ingenious and it meets with a certain success, as just noted, yet the reader is not persuaded. It is perhaps too much to grant the author his wish to label certain scientific, biological concepts "Marxian" or "dialectical," and then to let him show triumphantly how "dialectical" biology really is. And there is certainly no necessity—proved in "Biology and Marxism"—to accept the socialistic extension of dialectical materialism. Professor Prenant offers no new assurance that proletarian dictatorship, once established, will ever give way to freedom.

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"The Old Lady"

BE LOVED NO MORE. By Arthur Bernon Tourtellot. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THIS reviewer is defeated. He wishes nothing but well to the author of this new life of Fanny Burney, whose journals, as this latest biographer correctly points out, have a right to a place beside those of Evelyn and Pepys. Mr. Tourtellot has read through and around his subject with creditable pertinacity, and his ideas are frequently his own and not infrequently very good. Certainly, though he has not perhaps added greatly to our knowledge of the subject, he is as much entitled to make a new evaluation of Fanny Burney as the next man.

Mr. Tourtellot's view, one gathers, with respect to Fanny Burney's powers is something like this. She had an aptitude for "reproducing the surface of things." An episode almost happens again when she narrates it. Wyndham whispering his opinions at the trial of Warren Hastings might as well be murmuring in your own ear. Boswell, imitating Johnson and asking for information about "gay Sam," is visible to your eyes. And for Johnson expatiating on the economy and social system of his kitchen, Boswell himself could do no more. But with respect to the inner reason of things it is as if she had little care. Her virtue was descriptive rather than analytic. And we are not to quarrel with her on that account. Even as a child she was nicknamed "the old lady." An observant old lady she always was. And Mr. Tourtellot is right to dwell on this aspect. But the reviewer thinks it was unwise of him to criticize severely the manner of her later writing before plucking out the beam in his own eye.

For Mr. Tourtellot's style is so clumsy and inaccurate as to detract sadly from the effect of what might have been a charming book. When he speaks of "the countless oddities with which Strawberry Hill was *ornated,*" we suspect that English is not his native tongue and that the editorial department of his publisher was on a picnic up the Cape. One grows weary of anything that is *different than* something else, or which is *restored back* to its original condition. However much I may hate purists, I hate still more seeing a beautiful, clear language violated right on the sidewalk.

There are some statements that should have been checked. Talleyrand was not, I think, "born Prince of Benevento." Nor was Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes" written for the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, however appropriate a paraphrase of Juvenal with such a title might be for such an occasion.

Any one who writes an extended work is liable to such errors. But it was not necessary for Mr. Tourtellot to hamstring his own book by stylistic carelessness. The reviewer has been severely criticized himself and it is no pleasure to him to crucify a first effort. It is for this reason, that, confronted by a book whose style has destroyed much of its value, he confesses himself defeated.

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Campus Questionnaire

YOUTH AND SEX. By Dorothy Dunbar Bromley and Florence Haxton Britten. New York: Harper & Bros. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT BIERSTEDT

ALL the king's horses, all the king's men, and Mrs. Simpson failed to change the sex mores of the British royal caste, but Joe and Jane and their five million classmates have changed the sex mores of the American undergraduate, according to the authors of this book. If their survey of the attitudes and behavior of 1300 students in forty-six colleges and universities represents a fair sample, the conclusion follows that "half of the men and one-quarter of the women juniors and seniors in American colleges today have had pre-marital sex intercourse." The average age of the students was twenty and the average age of first experience was seventeen for boys and eighteen for girls. Of the girls still innocent of experience less than half disapproved absolutely of its pre-marital acquisition and as many as sixty-four per cent of the entire group either had experience or were prepared to acquire it. Three-quarters of the boys, including those as yet inexperienced, placed no premium on the pre-marital chastity of the girls they would consider for marriage—a surprising fact in view of the double standard which presumably governed the attitudes of their fathers.

In other words, Joe and Jane apparently do not share the discomfiture of André Gide, who wondered about the survival of an ethical creed which he had ceased to approve, but on which his moral reflexes continued to depend. Aided by the dissemination of contraceptive information, by automobiles and other elements in a technological civilization, and by the work of Freud, their moral reflexes have caught up with their sophistication and, like James Joyce as a young man, they refuse to serve that in which they no longer believe. Although Mrs. Bromley and Mrs. Britten refer casually to "young rebels," their tolerant and sympathetic manner of reporting leaves the impression that the old post-war attitude of rebellion has vanished and that American youth today decipher rather than defy the traditional sex code. At least they exhibit a conviction that they know more about the physiological needs of the organism, the social origin of the mores, and the cultural relativity of morals than their parents.

In welcome contrast to the prejudiced and passionate alarms of reformers, the authors of this book present cold, objective facts for the first time. Professor Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins supplies a foreword in which he congratulates them for conforming to the standards of scientific research in sociology and for producing a solid contribution to knowledge in this field. Interested in contemporary sex mores in general, they used college students as the subjects of the study because they believe the college to be a microcosm of young America, because college students are more articulate, and because the young men and women in college today will probably exert the determining influences on the mores of tomorrow. Accordingly, they distributed 5,000 questionnaires, of which 1,088, or over twenty per cent, were returned, and supplemented them with personal interviews with 154 women and 122 men undergraduates in five men's colleges, five women's colleges, and five coeducational universities. Conducting the survey without faculty coöperation or consent, except in one instance, they relied wholly on individual contacts with campus leaders, among whom they report an enthusiastic desire to participate. In addition they show a familiarity with the sociological literature in the field and have been around enough to know about the Barnard College "Purity Test"—which gave the editors of the Columbia *Jester* a field day—and about the hoax perpetrated at the New Lecture Hall at Harvard in the spring of last year.

On the basis of these data the authors divide the young men and women into six classes each, the former into the uninitiated, the hot-bloods, the pragmatists, the discriminating, the romantics, and the homosexual variants; the latter into the virginal, the wait-for-marriage, the loving, the experimenters, the sowers of wild oats, and the homosexually inclined. Although they caution against taking the classification too seriously, they perhaps do not sufficiently emphasize its fluidity nor the fact that it is a classification of questionnaires rather than individuals. The major question, however, revolves around the representativeness of the sample; that is, the high proportion of experienced men and women might be explained by the authors' method of approach, which probably encouraged the inclusion of students more sexually sophisticated than their contemporaries who threw the questionnaire into the wastebasket. The authors are not unaware of this difficulty but they tend to minimize it, and to overemphasize the high correlation between the questionnaire and interview results. The approach for both was the same and, depending upon the degree of conservatism of the group with whom they were in contact, the percentage of the young women who had sex experience, for instance, varied from nine in a coeducational school in the Middle West to thirty-six in a girls' school in the East. Further, in order to demonstrate a shift in the mores, as they desire to do, it would be necessary to know the incidence of pre-marital experience in a preceding generation. The fact that a preceding generation would probably not have submitted to a similar investigation of their personal life would suffice to indicate a change in attitude but not necessarily in behavior. No attempt is made to evaluate the relative importance of factors which may have accounted for the change.

A number of other queries might be raised, but only another study equally objective in character could provide the answers. On the whole the authors have accomplished a difficult job with unusual success. It is particularly significant that less than half of the students in the survey received sex instruction from their parents and very few felt free to discuss sex problems with them. The chapter entitled "Half Measures in the Colleges" is a serious indictment of educational institutions which make no curricular provision for instruction in sex hygiene and marriage. If the book does nothing more than stimulate eradication of these defects, it will serve a high social purpose, and college deans and parents who fail to read it may justly be accused of negligence. Here, if anywhere, the facts speak for themselves, and Mrs. Bromley and Mrs. Britten merit generous public applause for the honesty with which they have gathered and presented them.

Mr. Bierstedt is on the philosophy faculty at Columbia University.

WOMAN ON HORSEBACK

By William E. Barrett

The biography of a dictator and his mistress, Francisco Lopez and Elisa Lynch, about which the *N. Y. Herald Tribune* says: "There is no story to parallel that of Elisa Lynch, and nothing in history to approach the heroism of the Paraguayan people. Terrifying, pathetic, engrossing." At all bookstores. $3.00

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

JOHN OF THE MOUNTAINS. The Unpublished Journals of John Muir. Edited by Linnie Marsh Wolfe. Houghton Mifflin. 1938. $3.75.

The best of these Journals were long since made up into magazine articles and books, among them two or three chapters of adventure and observation in Alaska and the Sierras that have become classics. Out of the unpublished material, one gets less excitement though a very pleasant sense of a remarkable personality. What, however, is more significant about this book is that, as in Bartram's famous travels of a century and a half ago, here one sees unspoiled America before the hacking and burning of our industrial civilization destroyed so much of it. Muir was an enthusiast rather than a philosopher, an impressionist rather than an exact mind. But there is enough science in his observations to give them validity; and if his appreciations seem sometimes a little naive, nevertheless as one reads one begins to share in his mood. Essentially he was a poet of the mid-nineteenth century type with an imagination bent upon nature and the world.

H. S. C.

Biography

WALLENSTEIN. By Francis Watson. Appleton-Century. 1938. $4.

Concerning the contradictions, the discrepancies, and the mysteries of the spectacular career of Wallenstein, central European historians have wrangled ever since the Thirty Years' War drew to its exhausted close. Was he merely a shrewd adventurer, an opportunist who selfishly sought and almost achieved the power of a modern dictator, or was he a national idealist whose subtle plannings might have developed a united Germany in the seventeenth century, with himself as its tolerant, benevolent ruler? Either side can be argued and has been, voluminously—by professionals and amateurs in Central Europe. A body of literature almost Napoleonic in its quantity has grown up around his name. Schiller made the problem the theme of his most ambitious dramas. The archives of every capital have yielded more and more evidence, much of it highly debatable. But, in English, there has been no biography of Wallenstein for over a hundred years. The plain reader who has wanted to know the truth about him has had to depend on general histories or the brief materials to be found in encyclopedias, where the authorities quoted are mainly German.

Mr. Watson's biography of the great Bohemian warrior fills, therefore, but not entirely satisfactorily, a distinct need. It brings together, disentangles, and evaluates the discoveries of recent years; it adds some new facts which Mr. Watson has himself unearthed; it defends, with considerable warmth and much cogency, the more sympathetic interpretation of its subject. It falls, however, between two ideals. For the serious scholar it is insufficiently documented; too much of the evidence is hastily and incompletely presented. And the general reader will find it needlessly slow because it does include a large amount of historical argument unnecessary to the narrative. Mr. Watson would have done better to decide in advance what kind of audience he wanted to please.

C. D. A.

Fiction

BEGIN NO DAY. By Wellington Roe. Putnam. 1938. $2.50.

This is a novel in which indignation, which is doubtless sincere, is made to do the work of art. The author's preliminary note tells the reader what to expect: "Middle River is any small industrial city in America. The forces and evils portrayed therein exist in industry—regardless of whether it makes hats or battleships." This is beyond all cavil true; the result, however, is not art but a crusade, in melodramatic terms. A young man who wants to be a doctor has to take over his father's hat factory during the depression. An evil genius, the director of the local manufacturers' association, gets him in his clutches, despite the warnings of faithful Tim, who talks a heavy Irish brogue throughout the book, and who is, of course, bashed on the head during the inevitable strike. Add a mother who Doesn't Understand, a frivolous sister, an understanding (if momentary) mistress, and the usual chorus of strikers, strike-breakers, police, fellow manufacturers, and citizens, and we have (save for the naive sex) a formula that goes back to Mrs. Gaskell. Mr. Roe has not improved on Mrs. Gaskell. The book abounds with he-man conversation, all faithfully put down in the interests of realism.

Mr. Roe is, as we say, indignant at the injustices of the world, but indignation is not sufficient for a work of art. These pasteboard figures, pictured without humor, without insight, living on selfishness and emotion, incapable of carrying on reasonable conversations, exist only to demonstrate a proposition in fictional algebra. They are never transmuted, as Galsworthy transmutes his people, into anything more than sociological digits. The proposition: "Whether I hate it or not, I've got to eat little working-man dogs so that big money-controlling dogs won't eat me," may be true, but the art of writing cannot be content with a case study.

H. M. J.

NO STORK AT NINE. By John Klempner. Scribner's. 1938. $2.50.

If you can get through a beginning that reads like an unsuccessful parody of Dorothy Parker, you will find here an amateurish but enjoyable story of young marriage in Manhattan. Johnny, who tells the story, meets Peggy at a party, falls violently in love, happens to catch her on the rebound from another affair; they leave the party, ride through Central Park until morning, and then get married. The early part of the story, which concerns their developing relationship, is told in the dancing-with-tears style, with a wisecrack in every sentence, and some of them pretty feeble. Later on the book is much better. Johnny and Peggy run into some rather melodramatic and unnecessary difficulties, but underneath these their characters become human and genuine. Much of the trouble comes from the fact that Peggy has a good job, and

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GRASP AT STRAWS *Joel Y. Dane* (Crime Club: $2.)	Gay apartment binge interrupted by murder of lovely wench. Two more perish ere sleuth Cass Harty assembles pieces of puzzle.	Nasty lot of typical N'Yawkers put through tragic, exciting, and bitterly amusing paces, with pompous radiorator taking major honors.	Satisfactory.
BLUE MASK AT BAY *Anthony Morton* (Lippincott: $2.)	Blue - masked John Mannering — "the Baron" — foils wicked jewel-robbing syndicate, gains gems for grateful Spanish gal.	Neither gats, gates, nor gases keep immaculate Baron from appointed rounds when he really *must* have them Castilla sparklers.	Time-passer

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Johnny is in danger of losing his inferior job. The depression axe misses Johnny, but hits a friend of his; the author starts on the promising subsidiary theme of white-collar men in the depression, but oversimplifies it into the hypothesis that all employees are struggling young married men and all employers are lecherous bullies. The two parts of the book, business and love, do not coalesce; but when the author gets back to Johnny and Peggy, he brings them to a satisfying conclusion. As it is, in spite of reservations, one reads the story with sympathy and interest; if Mr. Klempner writes it over again after a couple of years, he may do a first-rate novel. The stuff is there.

G. S.

Miscellaneous

AMERICAN VILLAGE. By Edwin Valentine Mitchell. Stackpole. 1938. $3.

THE VILLAGE CARPENTER. By Walter Rose. With an Introduction by Frank Kendon. Macmillan. (Cambridge: University Press.) 1937. $2.50.

These two books are interesting as examples of two of the many ways of looking at the past. Mr. Mitchell, a lawyer, bookseller, and essayist, has delved lightly into various elements making up life in the typical American village before 1900. Essentially, his book is that of a polite and nostalgic antique-collector. Mr. Rose, a carpenter in Buckinghamshire, has recalled his craft as it was practised before 1893, and added his invaluable reflections on the past, present, and future of carpentry as a business, craft, and art in relation to the changing forms of technics, economics, and society.

"American Village" is pleasant talk for pleasant people who hanker for what they think were simpler, easier times. It is full of pleasant, introductory information on many kinds of antiques, and on many cherished institutions such as the old-fashioned drug store, barber shop, photograph gallery, ice house, bicycle shop, and so on. It is well illustrated with material from the Henry Ford collections in Greenfield, Michigan.

"The Village Carpenter" is the sober, tender testament of a workman intent on a good job under any circumstances, of the sort of man who, we fancy, will dominate any tool and survive any revolution.

Mr. Rose, sticking to one noble craft that he has followed most of his life, and that his father and grandfather followed before him, has a great deal more to say. He emphasizes forms of carpentry, such as those on old farms, on wooden pumps, on water-mills and wind-mills, and on coffins, that have disappeared or been changed beyond recognition, but he goes so deep that in time he will interest many people besides the antique-hounds. Sociologists will value properly this first-hand record of the changes in a job, its masters, apprentices, and customers. Anyone interested in the relation of art to life would do well to ponder these pages, instead of treatises on esthetics, and anyone interested "merely" in human nature will treasure these anecdotes and this quite unconscious self-portrait of a man.

C. A. S.

COALITION OR CHAOS? By Roger W. Babson. Revell. 1938. $1.25.

Mr. Babson's brand of chaos is quite familiar. It has been brought upon us by Brain Trusters with their "pet panaceas," by labor leaders of the C.I.O. variety, and particularly by politicians who have been playing knavish tricks with taxation, relief, and local administration. Official "persecution" of corporations and of the "sixty families" controlling them also comes in for a share of the blame. According to Mr. Babson, the United States may permit itself the luxury of a two-party system in normal times, but not so long as the present chaos continues. Unless order and sanity are promptly restored by "coalition," we may drift into a civil war like that now raging in Spain.

Upon piecing together scattered references to the subject, Mr. Babson's "coalition" turns out to be a "union of the 'Constitutional' members of our Democratic and Republican parties," who shall hold "a joint Presidential convention," although elsewhere in the book national nominating conventions are referred to repeatedly as unconstitutional. Or—here the plot becomes slightly confusing—the Republicans are to nominate a conservative Democrat who, after election, will "provide a balance in his cabinet between the two groups of which he has been made the titular head." Thereupon all the evil conditions referred to above are to be corrected immediately if not sooner.

Mr. Babson's "coalition" bears some sort of resemblance to the British "National" government of 1931. Later, of course, this political union of conservative Laborites and straight Conservatives revealed itself as a shotgun marriage with the Tory partner holding the weapon. Although the author seems to be unaware of it, the party which he proposes for the United States would be essentially conservative, not to say reactionary, in membership and objectives. As such it would certainly be opposed by a liberal or progressive party probably of equal if not of superior strength. A great deal has been written in favor of such an alignment in American politics. Apart from occasional vagaries, too much autobiographical material, and a pronounced theological twang, what Mr. Babson has contributed to the subject is interesting and symptomatic of the phobia now afflicting many business men. But his proposed National Party would by no means do away with the traditional two-party system which he regards as so destructive in time of crisis.

R. C. B.

NATURE PHOTOGRAPHY AROUND THE YEAR. By Percy A. Morris. Appleton-Century. 1938. $4.

This is an excellent book for those interested in nature photography. The first chapter gives concise information and advice about camera and technique. The twelve following chapters detail the nature phenomena of each month of the year, and explain how to photograph them. About three hundred clear pictures illustrate the text. A short but satisfactory bibliography and an index close the book.

R. D.

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A REAL COUNTRY FARM among the hills. We have two bedrooms with bath and board to rent for the summer. Plenty of milk, vegetables, eggs, quietness and beauty. $15.00 weekly. Mr. & Mrs. N. C. Nielsen, Four Winds Farm, Goshen, Connecticut.

RUSSIA IS OUT and so is middle Europe, if you want to travel abroad without fear of internment. I am taking a small group of SRL readers to England, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, sailing "Empress of Britain," July ninth, all expenses $475. Emphasis on recreation and social interpretation, not tripping. Would you like more details? Hugh MacLennan. Lower Canada College, Montreal.

TO SUBLET, June to October, furnished apartment near East River. Coolness and privacy for two people. Regent 4-6381.

RESTFUL ISLAND HOME, at water's edge. Modern conveniences. Excellent table. Fresh fish, lobster, clams, vegetables, berries. Best beds. Pleasant walks, drives. Fishing, boating, bathing. Free row boats. Rates $18. Bridgeside, Vinal Haven, Maine. I also have small bungalow to let by season or the day. Special rates for June and September.

REST HERE for a weekend, return for your vacation. The Farm on the Hill, R. R. 3. Kingston, N. Y.

TO RENT: Delightful old country house—foothills Mount Mansfield. Modernized. Tranquil and gracious. Also—desirable four-room modern cottage on Lake Champlain. Ann Harrington, Underhill Center, Vermont.

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FOR RENT till October first. Charmingly furnished 3-room apartment East fifties near river. Reasonable in price. H. S. C.

PAYING GUEST. Will take young girl or child with nurse in my small, comfortable country house. Very unusual opportunity. Miss Davenport, Dorset, Vermont.

WRITER'S APARTMENT—Spacious, cool and quiet, for rent from June through August. Four rooms (two bedrooms). Comfortably furnished. Two fireplaces. Large kitchen. Six huge windows east and west. Half-acre garden for residents only. Near Washington Square, convenient to five means of transportation. $300 the season. Eleanor Blake, 172 Sullivan St., N. Y. C.

AUTHOR'S SECRETARY: Young man desires employment as author's secretary. Formerly secretary-press representative to author Book of the Month.—Carl Liddle, P. O. Box 406-X, Manatee, Florida.

YOUNG WOMAN out of the South, University degree, companionable, capable, some say talented, will teach, talk, write, type, tutor, nurse, act as secretary and/or companion to anyone traveling, for expenses. References. Box 733-C.

YOUNG WOMAN, 25, would correspond with whimsical, tired, un- or disillusioned man. Box 740-C.

COMPELLED to sacrifice authenticated, signed paintings by masters (N.A., represented in Metropolitan and other museums) at fraction of their value. Ernest Lawson, Wyant, Romney, Sanford-Gifford, Case, 16th century head attributed to Titian or Feti, many others. Singly or as collection. Box 736-C.

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REMOVED from urban centers, a mature woman (university graduate) with leisure and quiet for reading and meditation hopes there's one having advantages of Christian Science church, lectures, etc., who'd enjoy sharing his benefits with her, through friendly letters. Box 734-C.

GIRL MEDICAL STUDENT is willing to be companion to children or invalid this summer for five hundred dollars. Box 735-C.

MAINE SUMMER HOME open to select clientele. 100 feet from ocean. Fishing, boating, swimming, tennis, golf, riding. Good food abundantly served. Fine beds, modern plumbing. A balanced vacation for folks who like creature-comforts without formality. Especial appeal for men. $21-$35 weekly. Adams, 20 Marlborough Street, Commonwealth 7622, Boston.

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THE LOG HOUSE on 13th lake—a 600-acre private tract surrounded by Adirondack state forest—2000 ft. elevation. 70 x 30 living-room—Garnet fireplace, cottages. References. North River, Warren Co., N. Y.

WEEKENDS—places, prices, facilities. 60 suggestions $1. Eleanor Hughes Associates, Box 161, Grand Central Annex, N. Y.

CAMP SILVER BIRCHES, Cantou, Maine, for discriminating women. Rustic simplicity combined wtih modern convenience. Beach. Recreation hall with great stone fireplace. Excellent meals. $18-$22.50 weekly. Booklet.

LIVELY AND PLEASANT COMPANION (male, colleged, and twenties as is undersigned) wanted to share three months' trip (June 5-August 30) through West. Will stop June 17-Aug. 3 in Los Angeles. '35 sedan provided and expenses shared. G.W.G. Box 33, Granville, Ohio.

FOR SALE OR RENT — PARADISE — for Writer or Tired Business Man. 10-acre Island in Bow Lake, New Hampshire. Two furnished cottages, boat, canoe. Inaccessible to undesired relatives. P. O. Box 116, Washington, Conn.

WANTED—To know Lone Lorn Lady—lone but not *too* lorn, who would like to rent attractive kitchenette apartment in charming private home. Washington, Conn. Address P. O. Box 116, Washington, Conn.

FOR RENT—June and July. Large furnished summer home in beautiful and historic Lebanon, Conn. Sleeping porch. Milk and vegetables at door. P.O. Box 317, Norwich, Connecticut.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST man wants opportunity to serve progressive eastern publisher in role of literary scout. Knows all representative writers in this section well and favorably. Author of two books himself. Interested only in part time arrangement and will work on modest monthly retainer. Full particulars to the first publisher who writes. Box 723-C.

COTTAGE: July and August $150. Three rooms plus glassed dining-porch, screened living-porch. Location—secluded spot, Lake 25 miles from Boston. Fireplace, bathroom, electric range, refrigerator and water heater. Available only to Protestant old maids or middle-aged couple. Box 724-C.

THE MOORS. A Maine Coast Island Inn. Modern improvements. Third Season. Rates, $30.00 weekly. June $21.00. Address, The Moors, Vinalhaven, Maine.

YOUNG WOMAN early thirties, college graduate, spending summer in city against her will, seeks correspondence with gentleman of rural interests. Box 716-C.

UNIVERSITY SENIOR, female, desires summer position. Experienced counsellor, tutor, stenographer. Will consider anything. Excellent references. Salary secondary. Box 730-C.

CHICAGO COLLEGE JUNIOR needs summer work to cover his tuitions. Secretary, guardian, tutor. References. Anything to save drowning. Can you help? Box 731-C.

LITERARY LAD, 24, wishes correspondence with lass of wit bored with epic thoughts of usual cow-like male. Vassar vamps should save stamps for Rollo of the movies. Woolworth and Tiffany both sell diamonds. Box 732-C.

LOVES LABOR, lost, but can he die at 24 with unfinished work? Box 725-C.

SUMMER HOME WANTED: Married couple. Christian, husband—high-school teacher, will serve as caretakers in exchange for rental. Box 726-C.

WANTED to rent by year, unfurnished house, modern conveniences, six to eight rooms. Location preferred: sea port town in Massachusetts. Box 727-C.

AVAILABLE—Six hard hand hewn oak beams from an 85-year-old barn, each 6 inches by 6 inches, 24 feet long, smoothed by the passage of hay. Located at Laneway Farm, Taunton, Mass. For further information, see Henry D. Chafee, 192 Bowen Street, Providence, R. I.

AN OLD NEW ENGLAND farmhouse offers you a summer in the country on the open ocean. Lobster, new peas, blueberry pie, an open fire; no radio. Rates: $18, $20. The Breakers, Vinalhaven, Maine.

MAYBE someone requires companion or assistant for trip west? Lady. References exchanged. Box 738-C.

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FOR RENT to any one loving the wilderness, small, comfortably furnished house (no improvements) on 40 acres woodland. Garage, screened porch, brook. $100 for the two summer months. $40 for each additional month. Box 741-C.

ENGLISH GRADUATE student, male, 24, wants summer job. Preferably non-academic, but not precluding use of head. Box 742-C.

ARTIST, interested in music and literature, will correspond to exchange opinions generally. Box 743-C.

LADY wishes steady evening work, except week-ends, as stenographer or companion. Box 744-C.

YOUNG WOMAN, 30, teacher, university graduate, desires summer position, companion, tutor, secretary, hostess, anything suitable, free June first to go anywhere. Box 745-C.

MIDWESTERN university student wants summer work, preferably east of Mississippi. Anything acceptable. Box 746-C.

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Double-Crostics: No. 217

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

■	1-P	2-O	3-N	■	4-G	■	5-D	6-W	7-S	8-O	9-R	10-J	11-V	■	12-K
13-U	14-C	15-L	16-A	17-I	18-O	■	19-H	■	20-S	21-P	22-Y	23-D	24-E	25-G	26-N
■	27-W	28-O	29-D	30-T	31-X	32-P	33-R	34-K	■	35-U	36-A	37-Q	38-C	39-V	40-Y
■	41-X	42-I	43-B	44-M	■	45-D	46-J	47-Y	48-M	49-X	50-W	■	51-C	52-L	■
53-K	54-U	55-P	56-L	57-D	58-N	59-T	60-Y	61-J	62-W	63-M	64-V	■	65-B	66-H	67-E
■	68-X	69-C	70-G	71-T	■	72-U	73-P	74-Q	75-K	76-I	77-V	78-O	79-W	■	80-S
81-O	82-M	■	83-E	84-A	85-X	86-F	87-P	88-B	■	89-C	90-E	91-A	■	92-T	93-E
94-N	95-U	96-Y	97-W	98-L	■	99-B	100-G	■	101-H	102-V	103-R	■	104-H	105-P	106-D
107-J	108-L	109-M	110-X	■	111-A	112-M	113-B	114-N	115-Y	116-E	117-T	■	118-A	119-L	■
120-A	121-Y	122-C	123-O	■	124-E	125-Q	126-N	127-S	128-X	129-W	130-F	131-J	132-I	133-V	134-P
135-L	136-M	■	137-G	138-C	139-A	■	140-X	141-U	142-R	143-W	144-E	145-P	146-Q	147-J	148-H
149-Y	■	150-J	151-V	152-F	153-H	■	154-E	155-C	■	156-O	157-B	■	158-R	159-G	160-V
■	161-K	162-L	163-Q	164-N	165-R	166-F	167-H	■	168-P	169-F	170-B	■	171-V	172-G	■
173-A	174-H	175-K	■	176-F	177-K	■	178-S	179-Q	180-R	181-J	182-F	183-U	184-X	185-P	■

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 24 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Pomposity of petty officials.

B. Controversial.

C. Recent in origin.

D. Object of irrational reverence.

E. Of rare quality (Fr.).

F. Hunter whom Diana turned into a stag.

G. Color geranium lake.

H. Peanut; peanut oil.

I. Shylock's wife.

J. Cut in; furrow.

K. English poet (1862-).

L. Collateral or derived branch.

M. Nonexistence (Latin: 2 wds.).

N. American novelist (1862-1937).

O. English author (1786-1869).

P. Not efficacious.

Q. Small drum (old sp.).

R. Influenced by soil conditions.

S. Insects of order Hymenoptera.

T. Bottomless pit.

U. Dashed to pieces.

V. Perception after the event.

W. Depreciatory allusion.

X. Apprenticeship.

Y. Light and flimsy; cobwebby.

WORDS

173 36 120 111 84 91 139 118 16

157 170 99 88 65 43 113

138 69 51 89 155 122 38 14

23 57 106 29 45 5

93 67 83 90 116 144 124 154 24

152 182 176 86 130 169 166

100 4 25 137 70 159 172

104 19 101 148 66 174 153 167

76 17 132 42

181 147 150 131 46 10 107 61

161 34 53 12 177 75 175

15 52 119 98 108 162 135 56

136 82 63 112 44 48 109

58 164 94 3 26 114 126

156 2 8 81 78 28 18 123

134 32 21 168 1 55 73 105 185 87 145

163 146 179 125 74 37

103 180 9 142 158 165 33

80 178 127 20 7

59 92 71 30 117

72 141 183 95 54 13 35

102 171 39 11 160 77 64 151 133

62 27 50 6 97 79 129 143

110 49 68 128 41 140 31 184 85

40 121 96 60 47 115 149 22

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By Ira Stephens Nelson

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LITTLE L B BROWN

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE *SRL*'s split-second reporter picked up these random items at the American Booksellers' Association annual convention just as this issue was about to go to press.

☞One of the busses in which the conventioneers were taken to Sing Sing for a visit stalled when it was leaving for the return trip, and the boys and gals thought they might have to return to spend the night with Warden Lawes.

☞At noon time on Monday registration had surpassed the total of the last four years. Will the booksellers be the first to make the hotel recession recede? ☞At Monday's luncheon, Morris L. Ernst made a plea which, if heeded by Mr. Farley, would be a boon to the book public. Mr. Ernst explained that under the present postal laws a book, if published as a magazine, could go from New York to San Francisco for three cents; between covers, it costs twenty cents.

☞The lobby rumors have it that August H. Gehrs, of Womrath's Bookshops, New York, will be the next A. B. A. president, succeeding Lewis Traver, who retires after a two years' incumbency. Mr. C. G. Grauer, of Ulbrich's Bookstore, Buffalo, is expected to go on as first vice-president.

☞It was appropriate that the A. B. A. convention assembled on May 16, for that date was the 175th anniversary of a great event in the Trade, the day of the Aweful Approach. It should always be celebrated in honor of one of the earliest and (so we are told) most attractive of Female Booksellers. This was Mrs. Davies, wife of Tom Davies of Covent Garden, London; her charms made the back rooms of Davies's shop a resort for men of letters at tea time. Let Boswell tell it in his own words:—

At last, on Monday the 16th of May [1763], when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back-parlour, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass door, announced his aweful approach.

☞George Hecht reports that the circular quotation above the shelves in the Penn Terminal bookshop, N. Y. C., is taken from Samuel Butler. ☞We were pleased to learn that Elmer E. Ferris, author of a very agreeable juvenile called *Jerry of Seven Mile Creek* (Doubleday) is the father of Helen Ferris, editor of the Junior Literary Guild. This winning story of a Wisconsin country town in the '80's has the two-way appeal that pleases both children and elders. It is delightful to hear of Professor Ferris writing his first book at the age of 77, and having the good luck to find Tom Fogarty as illustrator.

☞Seeing in a London bookseller's catalogue some of the old Kate Greenaway almanacs (of the '80's) listed at the very low prices of 8/6, 10/6, 12/6, it occurs to us to wish that some publisher would issue a Kate Greenaway omnibus.

☞A famous trade-name, that of The Dial, enters a new phase of activity. The office has moved to 432 Fourth Avenue and Burton C. Hoffman now heads the board of directors. Grenville Vernon continues as editor, and has announced an interesting list of titles for the fall. ☞Helen Fay, on the road for Holiday House and *Story Parade*, asks us to note that the magazine enlarged its size this month and raises its subscription to $2. ☞From Old Q.'s point of view the most important reading this week is Helen Taylor's article in the May 14 *Publishers' Weekly*, entitled *What Magazines Do Book Readers Read?*

☞Young Q., riding the Hudson Tubes, often finds himself opposite the car-card of the Merchant Marine Library Association. Its motto "Send your books to sea," together with the subfluminal rumble of the train, always sets our young kinsprit humming a librochantey of his own, to the tune of the Farmer in the Dell—

Send your books to sea,
A mariner's libraree
The wave is rough
The life is tough
So send your books to sea.

☞There is only one "Professor of Books" on the educational roster, viz., Edwin Osgood Grover of Rollins College. He and his class will sail from N. Y. on June 24 for a literary tour, visiting libraries, presses, and authors, under the auspices of the American Institute of Educational Travel which is another name for the ingenious old Wagonbed Company and Thos. Cook & Son. The student-tourists get a full semester's credit from Rollins College for the voyage. ☞We wish someone would tell us more about old Thomas Cook himself: we once heard a legend that when he retired, after making a fortune out of travelers, he bought a beautiful estate near Bath (England) but had such a horror of tourists that his grounds were carefully guarded against sightseers. ☞Speaking of travel, Mr. W. S. Hall returned from a recent trade survey in the tropics with a very special enthusiasm for Puerto Rico. In San Juan itself Spanish books outsell American by 9 to 1, but a large business is being done in American textbooks which will surely increase the reading of English-language books.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 216)

P. B. SHELLEY—
"PROMETHEUS UNBOUND"

The pine boughs are singing
Old songs with new gladness,
The billows and fountains
Fresh music are flinging,
Like the notes of a spirit from land
and from sea;
The storms mock the mountains
With the thunder of gladness,
But where are ye?

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